SECRET

PAGE 01

SECRET [illegible] STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32956

TO: DIRECTOR.

WNINTEL RYBAT [illegible] WUDWELL AKBOXER [illegible]

LAUDZA FROM [illegible]

1. [illegible] 9 MARCH 1977 MR. [illegible] ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AND [illegible] E. LAWRENCE B A R C E L L A, ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, MET WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF DISIP AND REQUESTED WHATEVER LEADS AND INFORMATION VENEZUELAN [illegible] AGENCIES COULD PROVIDE ON ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN ORLANDO B O S C H AVILA AND THE ASSASSINATION OF FORMER CHILEAN AMBASSADOR AND CABINET MINISTER ORLANDO L E T E L I E R.

2. [illegible] REPORTED ON 29 APRIL THAT [illegible] G A R C I A, CHIEF OF OPERATIONS OF DISIP, HAD HEARD THAT [illegible] HAS EXPRESSED DISSATISFACTION WITH THE LACK OF ASSISTANCE GIVEN TO HIM IN THE INVESTIGATION OF THE LETELIER [illegible]. [illegible] OFFICIALS WERE SURPRISED AND UNHAPPY WITH [illegible] ALLEGED STATEMENT, SINCE DISIP OFFICIALS HAD EXTENDED COURTESIES, COOPERATION, TIME AND INFORMATION TO PROPPER DURING HIS VISIT IN

SECRET

Ricardo Morales /201

CARACAS. DISIP OFFICIALS HAD FACILITATED PROPPER'S INTERVIEW AND DEBRIEFING OF ORLANDO BOSCH AND THEY HAD PROVIDED PROPPER WITH ONE PEICE OF EVIDENCE WHICH PROPPER APPARENTLY WAS SEEKING EAGERLY, A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES DELINEATING AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITY TO INDICATE THAT GUILLERMO N O V O, AND IGNACIO NOVO, CUBAN EXILES, WERE TO HAVE JURISDICTION FOR CUBAN EXILE ACTIVITY IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE THE LETELIER ASSASSINATION OCCURRED. PROPPER WAS CONCERNED THAT A MAP INDICATING AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITIES WOULD DISCLOSE SOMEONE ELSE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT AREA, AS THE NOVO BROTHERS WERE PROPPER'S PRIME SUSPECTS.

3. GARCIA ALSO SAID THAT RICARDO M O R A L E S, A FORMER DISIP OFFICIAL, HAD BEEN SUMMONED BY PROPPER TO APPEAR IN COURT AS A WITNESS. MORALES WAS CONCERNED THAT ONCE WITHIN THE JURISDICTION OF THE U.S. COURTS, HE COULD BE CHARGED WITH UNSPECIFIED VIOLATIONS; THUS, MORALES, WHO IS IN THE U.S., HAD GONE INTO HIDING.

4. WE ARE SENDING THIS INFORMATION VIA THE [illegible] CHANNEL BECAUSE OF POSSIBLE SENSITIVITY CONCERNING REFERENCE TO ALLEGED ACTIVITIES OF A U.S. OFFICIAL. IF HQS DOES NOT PERCEIVE ANY SUCH SENSITIVITY, WE OF COURSE HAVE NO OBJECTION TO REMOVAL OF THIS CABLE

S E C R E T

STAFF

INFO

T 615550 EIA443 PAGE 03-03 IN [illegible]

TOR:[illegible] MAY 77 [illegible]

FROM THE PLVKCADET CATEGORY.

5. FILE: 75-2-20/3, 200-12-208/1. E2. IMPDET.

SECRET

14-00000

FORM 3020b
7-71 MFG 7-76

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INFO: RF, FILE, VR, 9/ADDMS, DDO4, 9CI4, 9EPS/EG2

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T 812745 EIA826 PAGE 01 IN 266922

TOR:292234Z APR 77 CARA 32949

S E C R E T 292025Z APR 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32949

TO: DIRECTOR, LA/MIAMI

RYBAT WNINTEL REAM

DOC. MICRO. SER. JUN 02 1977 MICROFILMED

1. ON 28 APRIL 1977 WKDIET-5 REPORTED THAT RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRETE (SUBJECT OF 201-0285923), AKA "EL MONO", IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED IN MIAMI A CUBAN EXILE BY THE NAME OF ROBERTO P A R S O N S. WKDIET-5 SAYS THAT PARSONS WORKED FOR BKHERALD AND UNDERTOOK SEVERAL CLANDESTINE TRIPS TO CUBA. HE SAID AT TIMES PARSONS HELPED GET PEOPLE OUT OF CUBA FOR A PRICE. PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976. THE EXACT REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN.

Kathy Skiba Tube EU2

2. FOLLOWING ARE TRACES ON ROBERTO PARSONS: ACCORDING TO JMWAVE-1302, 16 FEBRUARY 1968, AN AMCLEVE-15 MIAMI CONTACT WAS PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH ROBERTO P A R S O N S RAMIREZ, BORN 12 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO. PARSONS WAS A BKHERALD AGENT FROM 1965 THROUGH 1967 WHEN HE WAS TERMINATED ON 30 NOVEMBER WITHOUT PREJUDICE. HE WAS USED IN EXFILTRATION AND INFILTRATION OPERATIONS AND OCCASIONALLY REPORTED GRATUITOUSLY

201-779687

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29 Apr 77

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FORM 3020
7-71 MFG. 7-76

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T 810745 EIA808 PAGE 02-02 IN 266922

TOR:292234Z APR 77 CARA 32949

ON THE DSE AND DGI.

3. INDEX PARSONS. FILE: ~~75-120-28.~~ 201-0285923.

E2, IMPDET.

SECRET

14-00000

ARTICLE APPEARED ON PAGE 55

ESQUIRE
MARCH 1977

The Incident

by Taylor Branch and John Rothchild

How two mild-mannered reporters, on the trail of a Washington bomber, landed in Caracas and ran afoul of the Venezuelan secret service, warring Cuban terrorists, the Miami police, the State Department, the C.I.A., the F.B.I. and the most dangerous man alive—all this, and their mothers didn't know a damn thing about it

Are There Pay Phones in Caracas? They are on the Pan Am night flight to Caracas, three hours away from at least a hundred murder stories and a lot of steaming intrigue.

"What are our chances of getting through this alive?" asks Rothchild.

"Well, that all depends on who you talk to and how paranoid they are," says Branch. "Our friends in Washington used to be simple journalists and policy analysts. Now they are three-pay-phone men. That means you can't call them without using three pay phones. You call them up and all they'll say is 'phone number one.' Then they go to pay phone number one and you call them again. Then they ask you for the number of *another* pay phone near yours, and they call you on that one."

"What do you talk about?"

"Things like pay phones and letter bombs and whether the Feds can be trusted. The last time I called they told me we would be walking into four nests of known killers: the Cuban exiles in Venezuela, the Venezuelan secret police, the C.I.A. and the Chilean secret police."

"Is that true?"

"Well, it's true that all those people are down there," Branch says, "but I don't think they would be after us."

Rothchild does not look reassured. He does not like the way Branch reels off the life histories of all the C.I.A. Cubans he has known, especially since the point is always that the situation is too complicated for words. "Tell me," Rothchild says gravely, "did you tell your mother you were going to Venezuela?"

Branch squirms at the cruel question. He wants to appear as knowledgeable and confident as possible, because he has dragged Rothchild into this adventure on less than a day's notice. "No, I didn't tell her," he admits. "It's too complicated. But I think we'll only have one point of danger."

"When's the point of danger?"

"Well, we may get into the prison and get our answers," Branch replies, "or we may get them from people in the Venezuelan government. Either way, we'll know who did the murders and who paid the killers and what other murders they've done. That's what we hope, anyway. If we get that information, we'll be hot until we get rid of it. We'll have to phone it out of

continued



Orlando Bosch *Ricardo Morales*

there and then run like bandits."

Branch looks out the airplane window and pictures Orlando Letelier lying in the middle of Massachusetts Avenue, his legs blown off at the thigh, his torso pulverized, detectives all around. On the curb nearby sat his passenger Ronni Moffitt, her eyes frozen, holding her throat. The bomb in Letelier's car had blown a sliver of metal through Ronni Moffitt's carotid artery, and she was drowning in her own blood. Her husband sat nearby, suffering from shock, watching his wife die. She was twenty-five. The killers were the kind of people who would machine-gun a whole crowd of people in a public square just to hit their mark. They wouldn't care about the others. Ronni Moffitt could just as easily have been half the people Branch knew in Washington. The next day Jerry Ford rode right over the bloody spots in the road on his way to a reception for the president of Liberia; he never said a word about Washington's first gangland-style political assassination. Unwise to talk about it, especially if the force behind the murders is most likely the government of Chile. The military junta there overthrew Salvador Allende with a big boost from the C.I.A., which is still thick as thieves with the generals. Letelier was ambassador to the United States under Allende, then foreign affairs minister, interior minister and defense minister. He had been jailed and tortured by the generals after the coup, then, a year later, deported, and in September of last year he was stripped of his citizenship.

From the day of the murder, Branch had been pondering the bomb he thought was used on Letelier—C-4, a white, odorless dough resembling Silly Putty. Branch had heard many Cubans tell tales about C-4 and its predecessor, C-3. It was the C.I.A.'s favorite substance for sabotage in the war against Castro, and thousands of Cubans were trained in its use. Branch had not been surprised when evidence came out that Cuban exiles might have pulled the Letelier job, but he was surprised by tips he received that they had also killed hundreds of others on a big spree in the Caribbean. God, there is something big going on, he had thought. And all his sources and his instincts told him the answers were in Venezuela, of all places.

It was now October 21, one month to the day since the Letelier murder.

"So you decided to take a little trip to Caracas too, I guess." It is Hilda I   n, a reporter for *The Miami News*, standing in the aisle, looking down at us. She is a specialist on Latin terrorism in Miami.

"Looks like it," says Branch, shrugging. So much for the secret trip. Yet he is inclined to trust Inclán, even though he and Rothchild had met her only that day, while going through clips at the morgue of the *News*. The three work out a way to make contact in Caracas. Branch is embarrassed at being a little reserved. Inclán is candid, her face cheerful and open.

Inclán leans over and whispers, "Listen, I think you should be careful. There's something strange going on. This flight is crawling with cops and prosecutors from Miami."

Branch and Rothchild turn their heads in unison, and their necks sink down into their shoulders. There are two young Latin men in the back with neatly trimmed beards, unisex hairdos and brightly colored shirts. There are several men in the front who do not look like ordinary passengers. Rothchild decides there might not be any ordinary passengers.

"What are they doing here?" Branch asks bluntly.

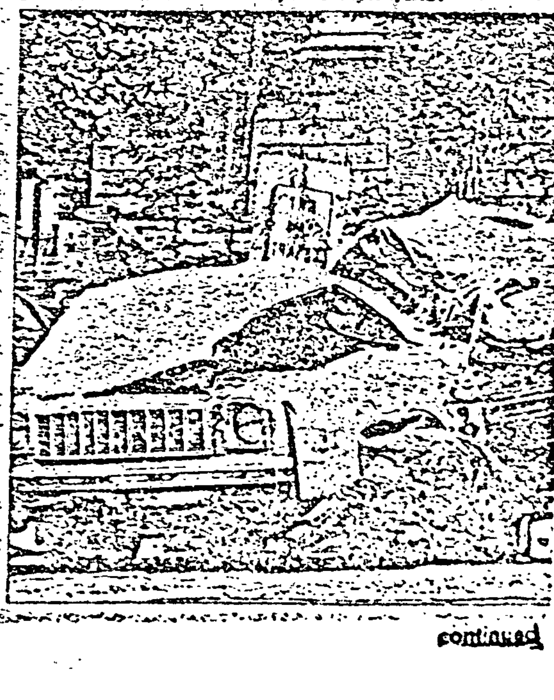
"Who knows?" says Inclán. "I know these guys from Miami. They give me tips sometimes. But now they aren't giving me the time of day. I don't understand them, so I'm going to act just like they are. I don't think you should let them in on what you're up to, either."

"Those cops are Cubans, aren't they?" Branch asks.

Inclán nods. Branch worries. Cubans on the Miami police force are a strange lot, he has heard. The cops want to infiltrate Cuban terrorist groups and drug-running organizations, but sometimes it turns out that the terrorists and drug runners are infiltrating the cops.

Branch and Rothchild exchange signs of bewilderment as Inclán drifts back to her seat. "Jesus Christ,

Orlando Letelier's bombed car, Washington, D.C.



continued

John," Branch mutters. "I figured we'd be in for some scrapes, but I never thought it would start before we even got there." Then he's all business. "I've got to give you a quick briefing on our main man while we have the chance. We may not have as much leisure time as we expected."

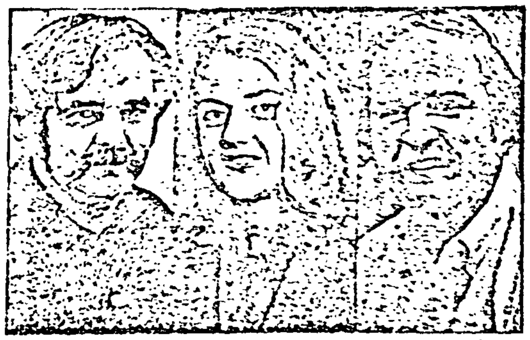
Branch pulls down their dinner trays and spreads out a pile of notes and news clippings. Then he pulls out a police mug shot. "Meet Orlando Bosch," he says.

Rothchild stares incredulously at a porcine Cuban man with a thin moustache and thick lips. "He looks like the headmaster of a military school."

"I know," Branch says, "but he's a killer. He's also a pediatrician. This whole thing's like that—yin and yang, Boston Strangler and Mad Hatter all mixed up." Branch eyes the mass of clippings and notes, wondering where to begin. "It would take all night to go through what I've heard about Bosch, so I'll get you up to Letelier as quick as I can for now. The background is simple: Bosch has been a political terrorist—what they call an action man—ever since the late Forties in Cuba. He worked for Castro, then for the C.I.A., and then he denounced the C.I.A. He has been an anti-Castro outlaw since the mid-Sixties, always telling the Miami Cubans not to trust the C.I.A. in their war against Castro. Now most of the hard-line Cubans believe him. Bosch is the patriarch of Cuban terrorism."

Branch pauses, then flips briskly through the clippings. "Bosch got arrested and indicted pretty regularly all through the Sixties. He usually got off. The witnesses against him tended to sweat a lot and forget things on the stand, if they even showed up. In general, Bosch had a threefold operation: first, political terror against Castro sympathizers; second, ordinary crimes like extortion from rich people and companies to finance the political terror; and third, all kinds of wars and feuds with his terrorist rivals. Finally, Bosch got nailed in 1968 for shelling a Polish freighter in





John Rothchild *Hilda Inclán* *Taylor Branch*

Miami harbor. He got ten years, but he was paroled in 1972. That brings us to his international period."

Branch picks up one particular clip and holds it in readiness. "Bosch went underground two years after his parole and the pace of Miami bombings escalated. So did terrorist bombings against Castro's embassies all over the world. Then, in 1974, important Cubans started getting knocked off in gangland-style murders. A lot of groups, including Bosch's, took credit for them. The word was that C.I.A. stooges were being eliminated. Bosch became a phantom. Mysterious figures with names like Ernesto would pop up in the Miami press to speak for him. Here's a *Miami News* clip from this period. It's headlined 'Bosch Declares War on Castro.' Hilda wrote it. She's the last American reporter to interview Bosch. Shortly after it came out, Bosch slipped out of the country."

While Rothchild studies the clips, Branch continues. "He got arrested in Venezuela about two years ago. The Justice Department decided not to ask for his return to the United States despite all he's wanted for. That's weird. Then the Venezuelans turned him loose and he left with a bunch of Chilean bodyguards and a big pile of money. I heard all kinds of stories about Bosch being down in Chile with the Pinochet junta there, bargaining. Now the stories jump to February of last year, when Bosch got arrested in Costa Rica right before Kissinger visited. The rumor is that he was plotting to assassinate Kissinger. Bosch got out of Costa Rica somehow, and pretty soon there was a secret meeting in the Dominican Republic of all the major Cuban terrorist groups, which the Dominicans allowed, of course. There was a negotiated truce, and the terrorists united under Bosch in an umbrella group called CORU, supposedly with the support of several juntas in Latin America.

"Now in the last month there has been the Letelier murder," Branch continues grimly. "The terrorists showed that they were not afraid to kill in the United States, right in the capital. They have even threatened to kill one of the F.B.I. agents on the Letelier case. And his fiancée. The anonymous threats show they have collected a lot of intelligence about the agent's life. The F.B.I. is upset. Then, two weeks after Letelier was killed, terrorists blew up a Cuban plane near Barbados, killing seventy-three people. Castro blamed the C.I.A. and canceled the anti-skyjacking treaty. The terrorists loved it: Castro and the Americans getting

continued

mad at each other. Then Bosch got ar[illegible]ed in Venezuela again, along with a whole bunch of Cuban exiles. Stories have been seeping out in the Venezuelan press linking Bosch with both Letelier and the Cuban plane. I picked up similar stories in Miami. My sources there tell me the Cubans in jail are almost all former C.I.A. men, F.B.I. informants and a few veterans of the Venezuelan secret police, the DISIP. Some people say DISIP has tortured the hell out of these guys, but other people say DISIP is in bed with them—holding them under protective custody till the heat blows over. It's the biggest damn mess you ever saw."

"You folks wouldn't mind telling me who you are and what you're up to, would you?"

Rothchild and Branch look up at the man standing in the aisle. He wears a leisure suit with a flashy shirt opened to his sternum, showing a lot of tan and some tufted chest hair.

"Well," says Branch, "I'm not sure. What are you doing? We're just thinking about racetracks and Cubans and stuff like that."

"Come on now. You can tell me," the man urges.

"Don't tell him anything," says Hilda Inclán from behind. She is laughing as if it were a game, but her eyes signal a warning.

Branch is way off-balance. "I'll take the fifth. Why don't we start with you?"

"Okay," says the man, smiling. "I'll play it your way, friend. My name's George Yoss. I'm an assistant state's attorney out of Miami." He flashes an ID card. Branch and Rothchild can't believe it. He seems more like a condominium salesman who wishes he could be a golf pro. "Is that right, Hilda?" Branch asks.

"Yeah, but he's being a bad boy tonight," she replies. "Tell him to mind his own business, whatever that is."

"Okay," says Yoss, "I'm going to give you one more chance. I know you're a journalist. Why don't we start with who you work for?"

Branch looks down and notices that his hands have been covering up the news clippings unconsciously. "These gave me away, eh?" he says weakly. "I'll tell you what. You've got me a little paranoid. Why don't you give me the name of your hotel and I'll call you when we get our feet on the ground? We can talk this over."

"Why don't we start with who you work for?" Yoss persists. He is still kidding, but there is an edge to it. "You may need me down here. You never know. This is a strange country and you guys could find yourselves on the next plane out. I'll give you one more chance."

"I think I'll lay low for the moment," Branch says.

Yoss makes a few more thrusts, then saunters off.

"Maybe I was too set on getting into the country on the sly," Branch says. "That sure didn't work out. This flight's like a goddamn convention! Tell me, Hilda. None of the Cuban cops is named Raúl Diaz, I hope?"

"That's Diaz right behind you," she replies.

"Oh, shit!" says Branch. He turns slowly in his seat and finds himself staring at one of the handsome Cubans.

"You must be Taylor Branch," Raúl Diaz says with a smile.

"And you're Raúl." Br[illegible]a gives him a limp handshake and slumps down in his seat. Hilda Inclán shakes her head and walks off.

"Who's Raúl?" asks Rothchild.

"He's Rolando Martinez' son-in-law. One of the Watergate guys. I spent a lot of time with him in Miami."

"What's so bad about that?" asks Rothchild.

"I don't know. It's just that he probably knows who my Cuban contacts are, and I don't know what the hell he's up to. You see, some of the people who have been telling me about the terrorists are right-wingers and some of them are left-wingers. I don't care about anything except the Letelier murder, but I think it would be healthy for us if we could keep the two groups separate. The only way we can do that is to stay kind of incognito."

"You're doing great so far," Rothchild says. His mind has been wandering over the Bosch briefing. "What makes you think we can get into the prison to see Bosch and his friends?" he asks. "And why would they want to talk to us?"

"It's a long shot," Branch answers. "But Bosch is in a tough spot. The Castro government wants him, and Bosch knows that would mean curtains for him. He also knows that he could get killed any day in Venezuela by either his friends or his enemies. He may figure that his best chance to survive is to come to the United States. What we hope is that he wants to get some of his story out in the American press to force the government to turn the screws and get him back in the States. That's what I hear from some of our Venezuelan contacts. I don't know if it's true, but they are pretty high up. Now even if we can't talk to Bosch and the other prisoners directly, we might get stuff indirectly from the Venezuelans."

"What happens if all the Venezuelan contacts turn out to be flaky?"

"Then we'll just have to poke around," says Branch. "I have a lot of names. There's only one guy I know down here personally. He's a Cuban named Ricardo Morales. I interviewed him back in 1974, just before he came to Venezuela. People in Miami tell me he's way up high in the DISIP, the secret police. I don't know what he's doing now, but he might be a good fallback if nothing else works out."

Rothchild is encouraged. At least Branch knows one real person. "What's he like?"

"He's one of the most cynical people I've ever met," Branch replies, "but I liked him anyway. He doesn't have any illusions about the business he's in, and he makes fun of all the people who do. Ricardo is an old operator, even though he's only in his late thirties. He worked for Castro's secret police. Then he worked for the C.I.A. as an explosives expert. He fought for the Agency in the Congo in the mid-Sixties, and then became an F.B.I. informant. *He's* the guy who got Bosch convicted in 1968. Small world, isn't it? He surfaced in court with everything on tape. Then all hell broke loose. Morales' car was blown up. He survived but blamed Bosch for trying to kill him. Morales himself was indicted for first-degree murder, but he got off. He's a survivor if there ever was one."

"So he must hate Bosch, then," says Rothchild.

"Well, yes," says Branch.

continued

"It sounds like Bosch and Morales have tried hard enough to kill each other." Branch hesitates and then decides not to tell Rothchild that some of the old C.I.A. Cubans in Miami believe Bosch and Morales have patched things up. Branch does not believe it and it would make things too gnarled. "It's amazing that the Venezuelans would have a guy like Morales high up in their security apparatus," he says absentmindedly. "I mean he's a Cuban, and he has worked for Castro, the C.I.A., and the F.B.I., and he's a veteran of gangland-type warfare. It's like finding a West German high up in the C.I.A. and then discovering that he has also worked for the KGB and the Shah of Iran. But from what I hear, that's a pretty common background to have down here. There are Cubans all over Latin America."

Branch begins packing up the newsclips. "I'm paranoid as hell about this plane," he says. "We're supposed to get a call at the hotel around midnight. That gives us an hour to get through customs and get settled. I want to hustle away from these guys and make sure we're on time."

A Greeting from Rómulo

Rothchild and Inclán notice a huddle of shady five-footers lurking in a dark corner beside the airport entrance. They must be a Venezuelan tour group, Rothchild thinks, waiting for a bargain flight out of the country. I'm not going to get paranoid about everything I see. But the group stares at the passengers; their suits blend so well into the shadows that all you see are their mirror sunglasses. They look like a display of Foster Grants at the back of an unlighted drugstore.

They stop looking only when the Miami assistant state's attorneys and cops, the same ones who have been bugging Branch on the plane, go over and give some of the men in the shadows warm, Latin embraces. Inclán thinks it is a meeting between the Miami law-enforcement contingent and the Venezuelan secret police. She catches up in the line and says she has recognized one of the people in the police huddle as Ricardo Morales, the mysterious Cuban who is supposed to be Branch's fallback contact in Caracas. Branch is stunned. First he is reading clips about Cubans and cops, and the Cubans and cops start fingering him on the airplane. Now Morales.

"Give me your papers and follow me!" a voice booms suddenly. It belongs to a man in a turtleneck sweater and leather jacket. A flunky moves next to each reporter in the line. There is nothing to do but hand over the passports and follow.

Turtleneck and his gang herd the reporters into a special room at the back of the airport. He disappears into another office, leaving them alone with an old man seated behind a desk. There is furious typing coming from the adjacent room into which Turtleneck has disappeared. His flunkies keep running back and forth from one room to the other.

In about ten minutes, Turtleneck returns and hands each of the reporters a *citación*—in triplicate. Rothchild, translating for Branch, doesn't remember the legal definition of the word *citación*. He does, however, recognize a word farther down in the document—*cárcel*. *Cárcel* means jail. The reporters are being summoned to attend some kind of meeting in a sinister-sounding room, D-034, in a building somewhere in Caracas at nine a.m. the following day. The letterhead belongs to DISIP.

Turtleneck keeps saying it is all routine—just sign the *citación* and everybody can get a good night's sleep. While Rothchild struggles to understand the fine print, Inclán tells him she thinks it might be a mistake to acknowledge the summons. It might conceivably be construed as an admission of something, and the reporters don't know what it is for. Inclán decides to try an offensive to get information. She whips out her notebook as if to write a traffic ticket and asks Turtleneck what his name is. He doesn't answer. She repeats the question and finally he mumbles, "Inspector Rómulo."

"That's all there is to it?"

"Yeah. Just Rómulo."

"Who ordered you to do this?"

"I don't know. I can't say. It's just a procedure."

"Why is this happening to us?"

"It is so because it is so."

Inclán writes that down.

Branch, whose rudimentary knowledge of Spanish often led him to offend the Cuban community in Miami—where he would mean to say "what a grand wedding this is" and end up saying "what tremendous tits you have"—is getting a headache trying to keep up with the conversation. "Isn't there somebody who speaks English here?" he keeps asking.

"That's all right," says Rothchild. "The guy isn't saying a damn thing in Spanish, either." Inclán agrees.

The reporters get nowhere. Police keep circling, and an evasive Rómulo keeps cracking his knuckles, pacing back and forth between rooms, thrusting pens into the reporters' hands like a door-to-door salesman pushing magazine subscriptions. Inclán asks him if they will go to jail for not signing. Rómulo says, "No, you won't go to jail for that, and I don't care what you do. My orders were to hand you this *citación*, and that I have done. The rest is entirely up to you."

Inclán decides to accept the summons but not to sign it, based on Rómulo's assertion that it remains in force no matter what. Branch and Rothchild go along after a brief huddle. Rómulo is definitely peeved. He hands each of them a summons in an envelope and tells them to leave.

"I don't understand how they picked us out," says Inclán in the cab. "Especially you, John. You're not even coming as a reporter. They couldn't have gotten us off our documents." The o[illegible] logical explanation is that someone on the plane tipped off the Venezuelans. But why?

Branch thrashes around in his spy world for answers. Nothing seems to fit. The three of them theorize all the way to the hotel, and they can only settle, like Alexander Haig, on a sinister force. Branch is still sure that the summons will be lifted as soon as he can talk to his friendly contacts in Venezuela. Rothchild keeps looking out the window for a tail.

A Visit to a Small Hotel

The taxi drops them off at the Anauco Hilton, where Inclán is staying. Branch offers to carry Inclán's bags. The lobby, amazingly, is filled with the same DISIP lurkers; they have managed to move their whole scene intact. They are leaning against walls and sitting on the couches. Branch looks toward the elevator in time to see the Miami attorneys and cops scurrying to get inside, frantically pushing buttons to get the door to close. They are as jittery about seeing the reporters as the reporters are about seeing the Venezuelan goons. And the most jittery of all, in the middle of the elevator, is Ricardo Morales himself. Morales is staring at the ceiling, trying to avoid eye contact, and Branch has the feeling that Morales is scared. It is the first time he has seen fear on the face of this hardened veteran of Congo wars and Castro plots and murders. Seeing Morales scared makes Branch scared. He warns Inclán not to go anywhere or do anything—just to call him when he arrives at his hotel, the Avila.

Back in a taxi Branch is going through another run of Cuban politics. "I don't know, John," he says. "Maybe Morales *is* behind all this, but I can't figure out why he's doing it. He sure looked as if he's in trouble. He could have been making some secret deal with those cops. Something he knows about one of those bombings in Miami. Morales might not know that we were on the flight by accident. He might think we were tailing the cops."

Rothchild is trying not to listen. The only sure contact he thought Branch had has suddenly turned into a potential enemy. Rothchild is petrified by the thought that Branch has gotten in over his head. "I think we are in more trouble," he says. "Look behind you."

This time there is a tail. The other car is right on their bumper as they wind up the back streets of Caracas. "They aren't even pretending not to be following," Rothchild says. "I don't think that's a good sign."

Branch, overwhelmed, keeps looking at the car behind them. "You know," he says with a smile, "this is the first time I've ever been tailed." Rothchild feels as if he is being cranked through the roller of Graham Greene's typewriter.

They reach the Hotel Avila, a Casablanca-type place at the top of a hill. It seems deserted until Rothchild looks down from a balcony near their room. There are people pulling into the driveway in small cars, and they have

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walkie-talkies and revolver bulges at the waists of their plain dark suits. They station themselves around the hotel entrance and even in the flower beds. They have the place surrounded.

There have been no phone calls—or at least that is the word from the desk. Branch paces nervously around the room. He thinks that something he already knows about C.I.A. Cubans and terrorism must be the key to what's happening, but he doesn't know what it is. He tells everything he knows to Rothchild, going all the way back through Prio and the pre-Castro student movement. Rothchild thinks Branch has lost his mind. It is fear, he figures. Branch realizes that Rothchild is lying down on the bed pretending not to be awake, that he has fallen into a stupor. It is fear, Branch figures.

Then a call comes through, but it is not the contact Branch awaits. It is Inclán, who has been denied a room at the Hilton (even though she had a reservation) and she can't reach anybody at the U.S. Embassy. She wonders what the hell is going on. Branch tells her the situation at the Avila, but she decides to come over; there are lots of rooms and at least the reporters can show some solidarity.

It takes a long time, too long, for Inclán to show up. Branch wanders downstairs; Rothchild waits by the phone for calls that never come. There is an uproar at the desk. The clerk is telling Inclán there are no rooms available even though the bank of keys is behind him in full view. He holds that position for about five minutes, then retreats to "there is some problem with you people. I can't give you a room." He seems scared. Everybody seems scared. Denying a woman a room at three a.m. in Venezuela is a serious violation of the chivalric code. The three reporters talk about it, but they can't sit down or move around without being followed, almost mimicked, by cops. There are now at least six of them in the lobby at all times. Inclán decides she will sleep on a couch in the lobby, and she wonders if she should put on her nightgown for the goons. She sets her bags beside one couch, and the bellhop directs her over to a better one with a gracious flourish; he could have been opening the door to the wedding suite.

After vainly scouring the lobby for pay phones, the reporters agree that they have to make a move for the room so they can talk near a phone. The three make their way up the stairs like Cary Grant tiptoeing between bedrooms. To their relief, no one stops Inclán.

Branch offers Inclán his bed, saying he will sleep on the floor. Rothchild doesn't say anything, but his paranoia tells him it is foolish to give the Venezuelans a chance to arrest them under the pretext of immoral conduct. Rothchild keeps opening the door because of his paranoia; Branch keeps closing it because of his. He doesn't want to be listened in on. Branch and Rothchild are not communicating much with each other by now. Each is worried that whatever he says the other will think it is crazy.

Inclán tries to phone her editor in Miami, but it becomes clear after about an hour of excuses that the desk clerk isn't going to put through her call. Local lines still seem to be available, but whom to call? Branch has his list of connections, but these people are in their own delicate situations and Branch doesn't want to blow their covers by calling at four a.m. on what is certainly a tapped line. Inclán can't get an answer at the U.S. Embassy. Rothchild has nobody to call, and that is one of his problems. Since he is so unconnected with the story, he is sure that the police will figure he is the heavy—a deep-cover C.I.A. man out of retirement from the Everglades.

By elimination, the reporters can think of only one person in Venezuela that they could contact. Inclán has fig d out, from her visit to the A o Hilton, what floor Ricardo Morales is staying on and she thinks she knows what his room number is. Her plan is to call him directly. It is clearly a desperation move. Inclán rings up Morales at the Anauco Hilton, apologizes for the hour and begins to explain her predicament, but it is clear things are not going well. Morales apparently is denying that he is Morales. "You aren't Ricardo Morales?" Inclán asks incredulously. "You know me and I know you. I talked to your nephew in Miami yesterday. His family is fine and he sends his warmest regards."

There is a pause and Inclán begins to sound like a panelist on *What's My Line?*. "You've never heard of a Morales? Who are you then? Your voice sounds familiar. You're not a Venezuelan. You sound Cuban. Are you a Cuban?" Morales says he is tired of being interrupted in his sleep; he hangs up the phone.

An air of resignation has settled over the room. It is almost morning and the goons are still standing by the bushes. The reporters are under some kind of house arrest and they feel caged. They wonder why Morales has just denied being himself. Maybe all this is happening because they know who he is and Morales fears they will ruin his cover identity. Or maybe Morales doesn't want Branch to reveal his background to anybody in Venezuela. The reporters kick this notion around, but it doesn't fit. It seems preposterous that the Venezuelans don't know about Morales' previous lives, which are talked about all the time in the Miami rumor mill.

Branch paces around the room, trying to make his mind catch up with his fears. He even asks Inclán whether she is guarding some secret that might have caused the trouble. Inclán says no and politely doesn't return the question. The reporters already trust each other instinctively, but the spy world threatens to swallow them up, too. They decide there is nothing to do except try anything to reach the outside world in the morning before getting shuttled off to the DISIP.

Inclán goes off to the lobby for some sleep on her couch. Branch tells Rothchild the rumor about the rapprochement between Morales and Bosch, saying he'd even heard Bosch had been staying in Morales' apartment. But it doesn't make any sense. Nothing does. Branch babbles on until he finally runs out of nervous energy. "Well, John," he says, smiling thinly as he sinks onto the bed, "I was right about one thing. I told you it wouldn't be a boring weekend."



Morales Takes Over

It is five-thirty a.m. and somebody is pounding on the door. Rothchild, a light sleeper, jumps out of bed. He opens the door just a crack, and then the door is thrown back so hard it bangs against the wall like a gunshot. A man in a green suit with a long walkie-talkie hanging from his belt bursts past Rothchild, throwing on all the lights.

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"Pack!" he yells. In half a second he is all the way across the room. "Pack!" Branch sits up straight in bed and in the most plaintive voice Rothchild has ever heard him use, a mixture of recognition, terror, disappointment, confusion and pleading, says just one word: "Ricardo?"

It is Morales all right. Branch watches him snatch back the curtains to check the balcony, then dart around the chairs. "Pack!" There is a rhythm to his order. He is moving like a cat, frenzied but in total control. Rothchild feels the energy coming off him in waves. He slips into the bathroom to piss just to get away from Morales, but he is so scared that nothing comes.

More orders come out in staccato bursts—"Get those bags closed! Give me your passports! Give me your airline tickets!" Branch and Rothchild are convinced that he wants to destroy the documents before he kills them. Morales leaves the room within two minutes, but his performance leaves so much afterlife that Rothchild and Branch don't do anything once he has left. They don't call anybody, they don't sneak off the balcony, they don't even say a word to each other.

Both of them jump off the floor when the phone rings, then look dumbly at each other. Branch picks up the receiver, grunts, and puts it down. "All the guy said was, 'He is waiting,'" he tells Rothchild. Branch's own voice sounds far off to him.

Inclán has had rough going downstairs, maybe rougher than the other two because she is alone and also because she is not yet a U.S. citizen. Morales wakes her up with the same staccato commands. She thinks maybe he is going to take her away and have her deported back to Havana. She is so scared that she locks herself in the bathroom and doesn't come out until she hears the other two reporters stumbling downstairs with their bags.

Morales twists the knife with a little humiliation. "Pay your bill!" he yells. Branch doesn't think he should have to pay for the hospitality he has received, but he pulls out his wallet without a second's hesitation. "Pick up your bags! Let's go!" The reporters are hustled out of the lobby, past a squadron of sunglasses. Morales is already ahead of them, barking orders on his walkie-talkie. It is still dark.

The reporters are put into the back of a car. Morales and a driver are up front. Nobody is talking much. Branch is wearing his best suit, which he does not remember putting on during Morales' brutal prodding. Now he thinks maybe something deep in his unconscious had ordered him to look his best. Rothchild is terrified that they are traveling in a private car instead of an official police car. His fear of being officially detained is rapidly being replaced by a fear of being unofficially bumped off. He keeps looking back at the car full of goons that is following close behind as they careen down the mountain at one hundred twenty kilometers an hour.

The car is heading out of town now, t the populated areas and into those ..sts where executions and accidents take place. Branch is desperately trying to make contact with Morales. He mentions some people from Miami that he and Morales had once talked to together. But every time Branch drops a name, Morales turns the volume up on the radio. He leaves it that way, blaring, until the questioner gives up and sits back in his seat. But desperation creates another question, another try, which ends in another mambo blast. Branch gives up on the name-dropping and even tries some spy-world guilt production. "Rip would not like what you are doing to us," he says. "Rip would be ashamed." Rip Robertson was Morales' gun-toting case officer in the Congo operations. Rothchild thinks Branch is foolish to bring up the Congo and remind Morales how little he cares for human life. Morales says nothing. He just gives the radio knob another twist.

Inclán is taking the personal route again, talking about this nephew she has seen, mentioning other relatives of Morales who live in Miami. Morales isn't answering her, either. He is getting tired of the radio. Now he just leans his head over against the door to get some sleep. Watching Morales nod, the fury turned off like a light, Branch's mind is filled with memories of Miami Cubans telling stories of legendary agents who would drop off to sleep just before landing in Cuba on a C.I.A. commando raid. He never quite believed the stories, but he thinks Morales' nap is very effective theater. Rothchild is also watching the nap. Every time Morales nods, Rothchild thinks he is ducking so that the bullets from the car behind won't hit him. Rothchild ducks, too.

After about twenty minutes of driving, the road flattens out and the reporters can see the airport in the distance. Morales mentioned "airport" once back in the hotel lobby, but the reporters were never sure he intended to take them there. If he were just planning to expel them, it would seem that he could afford to be more communicative, more curious about what the reporters were doing, more worried about the kind of story they might write about him. But Morales asked no questions. Rothchild knew from Branch's incessant briefings that Morales wore a lot of hats: terrorist as well as informant, mercenary as well as cop, bomber as well as representative of a government. It might be more paranoia to think he would kill them, but all last night's paranoia had come true.

The reporters know one thing: they have stumbled onto a story that is big enough and sensitive enough that top people in the Venezuelan DISIP are interrupting their sleep and risking diplomatic reprisals to scare the hell out of them. It isn't routine in Venezuela, one of the few South American countries left with any sense of freedom of the press. There is something big going on, and the reporters don't know, as they speed through Cara   whether they will ever get to find o.. what it is. Nobody, after all, knows where the reporters are, and the only thing on their side, besides some vestigial compassion that might reside somewhere even in goons, is the sense that world opinion would be on Morales' back if they did get tortured or killed. But that's just the point—world opinion was on the terrorists' backs about the Cuban airline crash and about Letelier and Moffitt. They killed them anyway. They didn't give a damn.

The car pulls up at the airport. It is less than eight hours since the reporters entered the country, and they have talked to nobody except Morales, the goons and each other. Their best guess is that Morales plans to keep it that way.

Breakfast at Ricardo's

Morales marches the group through part of the airport lobby and then up some back stairs, past the meteorology room and into the tower section. They arrive at a locked, knobless door with a small pass-through window, and Morales has to knock before it is opened from the inside. They have arrived at the goon control center. There is a four-drawer cabinet where the DISIP police file their guns and bullet clips like memos. There is an old couch, a few desks, and in an adjoining room some bunk beds. All the people from the night shift are still there, including Rómulo, in the same turtleneck and the same leather jacket. The most impressive new lurker is a character they call "El Largo," or "The Long One."

It is clear now that the plan is not torture, it is deportation, but the reporters sense that the plan could easily be changed. Morales is stalking between rooms, giving orders and making calls, and when he looks at the reporters he seethes with anger. Inclán and Branch are directing more questions at him from the couch. He answers only with contemptuous looks.

No one is prepared for what happens next. Morales walks out with a wide grin on his face. He clasps his hands together like a waiter and cheerfully addresses the reporters: "Is anybody hungry? Are you ready for some breakfast?"

The reporters follow Morales dumbly down the maze of corridors. They decide there is something oriental about recent developments, and they are convinced Morales could show them great courtesy one moment and yank out their toenails the next. They follow Morales down the corridors until they come to a small dining room that appears to be reserved for airport personnel. Branch gives fleeting thought to the idea of making a scene, but he decides Morales would not have brought them here unless he controlled the area. Besides, Branch realizes, he does not have the courage to make a scene in front of Morales, who still has the reporters nearly paralyzed with fright.

Morales lays his big walkie-talkie down on the table and snaps for a

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waiter. "W... will you have?" he asks graciously.

The reporters had figured breakfast was probably a ruse, so they think about food for the first time. It is a struggle. Rothchild's stomach is filled with embalming fluid. He feels queasy looking at the menu. Branch asks only for coffee and an order of toast. Rothchild follows suit. Morales looks disappointed and urges them to eat more heartily. Inclán orders eggs and Morales looks pleased. He orders a sumptuous breakfast for himself. It arrives promptly.

"Well," he asks grandly, "who do you think will win your election, Carter or Ford?"

The reporters exchange the look, familiar by now, that signals their agreement that absurdity has reached new heights. They mumble offhand answers as Morales listens intently.

"You don't really have much choice, do you?" he asks. "I mean, you have two guys who don't have any ideas and don't have any backbone, right? And neither one of them can command anything or stop anything, so it doesn't make any difference, right? At least that's what I get from *Time* magazine."

Inclán tries to change the subject. She asks Morales about his position in the DISIP and gets no response. She mentions Morales' nephew, whom she knows in Miami, and Morales parries the remark. Suddenly a cloud comes across his face.

"What's the matter with you?" he demands. "Why aren't you eating?" He points down at the dry toast, which Branch and Rothchild have been picking at like wafilers at Communion. "Aren't you hungry?"

Branch nods yes; Rothchild nods no. "You told me you hadn't gotten any breakfast, so I give you breakfast," Morales declares angrily, waving his arms. "If you are not hungry, you are liars! What's the matter with you?"

The reporters are exasperated. "We are afraid and confused," says Inclán, "because nobody will tell us why this is happening to us. I am a reporter like all the other reporters down here. I want to interview Orlando Bosch like I did once before..."

"Never heard of him," interrupts Morales. He gives us an exaggerated shrug and a quizzical look.

Inclán shakes her head in despair. "Oh, come on. You testified against him eight years ago in Miami and now he's the most famous prisoner in Latin America. He's in your jail."

"Did he make *Time* magazine?" asks Morales.

"Yes," says Branch.

"I guess I missed it," says Morales. He pauses, then turns to Inclán. "You should not be running around asking so many questions," he says sternly. "You are a woman. Women should be at home having babies and making their men happy. Nothing else."

Inclán is ruffled. "I can work as well as most other reporters," she says.

Morales shakes his head vigorously. "No you can't. You are a hundred miles aw[ay] from reality." He looks off and sa[ys] again.

"I don't think so," says Inclán. "I think you are."

"No," says Morales. "You are a hundred miles from reality, and I am a hundred *years* from reality. You understand the difference?"

"I don't know what I understand," says Inclán. "I know something about you. Taylor says he talked to you about your background in Miami and you talked to him like a friend. He says you were nice and now you are..."

"I am not nice," snaps Morales. "You know what I used to do in Cuba when I was a kid? I sent anonymous death wreaths to my friends. All the time. Is that nice?"

Branch does not like this subject or the faintly homicidal look he sees before him. He decides to make another stab at levity. "Look, Ricardo," he says, "I'm upset that you and your men have kept me from seeing anything about the last game of the World Series last night."

"The World Series," he says, his eyes opening wide. "Let me tell you about the World Series. It is just like the world everywhere: the Reds are winning and the Yanks are losing!" Morales breaks into laughter. Something snaps in the reporters and they laugh, too, uncontrollably. Fear floats out of their mouths and they feel better.

Branch wades in to reestablish contact. "Look, Ricardo," he says gamely, "I can't help thinking this is some kind of mistake. I want to be straight with you. All I'm interested in is the murder of Orlando Letelier. That's what I came down here for, and I want..."

"He's the guy who got blown up in Washington, right?" Morales breaks in. "I think I saw that in *Time*."

"That's right. He was blown up right around the corner from my apartment."

"Wel[l,] what are you doing in Venezuela i[f he] was killed in Washington?" Morales demands.

"Because I think the people who conspired to kill him are here. That's what my sources say, and it has even been in some of the Venezuelan newspapers."

Morales looks disgusted. "You shouldn't read the newspapers," he says tightly. "They lie. And you should investigate that murder in Washington instead of coming halfway around the world."

Branch tries another tack. "I don't understand what's behind this, Ricardo. You aren't like you were the last time I saw you, in 1974. Don't you remember? It was at night in Miami Beach, and you brought your girl friend over to the house I was staying in. And Fotingo Silva was there. And Tamayo was there. We talked almost all night about the Congo. Why have you changed? Is there something..." Branch stops because of what he sees on Morales' face.

"You are lying!" he explodes. "I have never heard of Ricardo Morales! This is the first time I have ever met you, and it is the first time you have met me! Understand? I have never seen you before in my life! If you say different you are lying! And bad things happen to liars!"

Inclán comes to Branch's rescue. "I have seen your picture," she says, "and I'm sure who you are. If you're not Morales, then what is your name?"

"I don't answer personal questions," Morales says, smiling, trying to look shy.

"I think maybe you figure there's a little spy conspiracy here," Branch observes, stabbing in the dark. "But there isn't. John and I are old friends, but we just met Hilda yesterday. She is interested in Bosch and his friends because of the bombings in Miami and the Cuban plane. We are interested in them because of Letelier. The three of us just happened to come down here on the same plane."

"Oh, really?" says Morales dubiously. "I guess you are good friends now."

"I guess we've gone through something together," says Rothchild.

"Now you have something in common," he nods, feigning tenderness. "Let's see, what else is there? Have you all been married?" The reporters nod. "How about divorced?" The reporters nod again. "Once?" They nod again.

Morales holds up three fingers. "I have been divorced three times," he says, "after four kids. I haven't seen them in seven years." This hangs in the air.

"Do you miss them?" asks Inclán.

"Not the children," Morales says softly. "Just the wives sometimes. I don't miss much. You know I haven't slept in two years." The reporters give each other significant looks, like shrinks attending a primal-therapy session.

"If you are going to kick us out of the country, you should at least let us call our families," Inclán says. "My editors are going to be worried. We

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have appointments and those people don't have any idea where we are. Why can't you let us make at least one phone call?"

Morales has shed his melancholy and slipped into a new persona. He is eager. "You're right," he says. "I'll call them. Anybody you want. Tell me who your appointments are with." He pulls out a pen in a flash. Branch blinks. He is startled by how fast Morales moves and how fiercely he snaps the point down.

The reporters glance knowingly at each other. They share a vision of Morales hauling their contacts down to DISIP's welcome wagon. We're not that dumb, they think.

Inclán tells Morales to call her editor at *The Miami News*, a safe, serious call. Morales spells out the name letter by letter as he writes on his napkin like a schoolboy taking down his homework. He is putting on a show. He looks at Branch.

"Tell Orlando Bosch it doesn't look as if I'll be able to make it this trip," Branch says. "He's in the DISIP prison."

The reporters giggle, but Morales deadpans. "T-e-l-l O-r-l-a-n-d-o B-o-s-h . . ."

"You've spelled Bosch wrong," says Inclán. "It's B-o-s-c-h."

"I'm sorry," says Morales.

Morales keeps writing. "You are a funny one," he says jovially. He looks up. "Anybody else?"

"Yes," says Branch. He has been trying to think of one of his contacts in Venezuela who would not be vulnerable to Morales but whose clout might impress him. Any name is a risk, but he decides to take one. "Tell the governor of Caracas that I won't be able to see him. His name is Diego Arias. Do you know him?"

Branch studies Morales for a reaction, but there is none.

After breakfast, as the procession goes by a pay phone, Inclán suddenly announces, "I'd like to make one call to the American Embassy." She breaks step and marches toward it, the first sign of overt resistance. Morales freezes Branch and Rothchild with a malicious glance and walks with her, shaking his head. Support goons appear from around corners. They seem relaxed. Morales fingers his walkie-talkie. Inclán gets to the phone and starts fumbling for Venezuelan change and her phone numbers. Morales leans up against the wall near the phone. He looks amused. His body seems to twitch a little under his suit, as if he might need some exercise.

Branch and Rothchild keep telling themselves that Inclán is making a futile gesture, but they admire her. "She's got more guts than we do," whispers Rothchild.

Branch and Rothchild watch her lift the phone from the cradle, but they don't think she has the change or the number. She is nervous. She looks Morales in the face, which is probably a mistake. He stares at her, shakes his head, and hangs up the phone gently.

An hour later, Morales suddenly mobilizes his entire office. Some of his men grab the reporters' suitcases and vanish. Others take off for unknown destinations. The rest fall in around the reporters and Morales leads them briskly out the door.

Rothchild figures they have just enough time to make the ten a.m. flight to Miami that he had seen posted on a board some time earlier. He senses an end coming and feels some relief. But when the entourage emerges on the airport's main concourse, Morales turns toward the exit into Caracas, not toward the planes.

"I thought you were putting us on the plane," says Branch. "Where are we going?"

"To the other airport," says Morales. His mind is elsewhere.

"What happens if we make a fuss when you put us on the plane?" Inclán asks. "What then?"

Morales' face is taut but breaks into a tour-guide smile. "You will either leave Venezuela nice and happy, or . . ." He pauses. "Or you will leave nice and happy." He delivers the last line with a lilt, as if making a rhyme. The reporters absorb the menacing smile and fall silent.

Several cars screech up to the curb. Once loaded, they take off at the usual torrid pace. Branch feels panic opening trapdoors under his lungs and he leans over to Rothchild. "Holy shit, John," he whispers. "I don't think there is another airport in Caracas."

After racing a quarter mile down the road, the cars turn abruptly into a parking lot. The reporters are baffled by the rush and the short trip but relieved to be staying near the airport. They figure they are headed for a plane from a different direction, but Morales leads them through another maze of corridors and into a new holding room. It has a big waiting area with two rooms partitioned off on the side. The doors are metal with no handles. They lock from both sides.

Morales vanishes, leaving Rómulo and El Largo in charge. Rómulo's fingertips do push-ups on his desk while he looks on, stone-faced. Rothchild gets the impression that Rómulo likes to stare at blank walls more than at people. El Largo, who seems to be a notch above Rómulo in the pecking order, moves into one of the partitioned offices and stays almost continuously on the phone. He reminds the reporters of his presence from time to time by loudly sucking phlegm up his long spiny nose.

After about ten minutes, Branch starts pacing away from Rómulo. "Goddamn it," Branch spurts, "I don't think we *know* enough about Morales to make him do all this. He's going to a lot of trouble to seal us off from Venezuela, but it doesn't make sense that he would do it just because we know who he is."

"Why not?" asks Inclán.

"Because," says Rothchild, "what we already know is going to come out anyway if he kicks us out of the country."

"I think maybe Morales is more worried about what we might find out if we ever get out of his clutches," says Branch. "I think maybe it's the fact that this terrorism is organized internationally. Bosch moves around on illegal passports and has fancy fund-raising dinners with supposedly respectable people in lots of countries. He's supported by at least part of a lot of governments. And this stuff looks cross-national—Cubans killing Chileans and so forth. Now look at how Venezuela fits in. It's kind of an entrepôt for everybody on all sides. The government is in a real pickle. It has to get along with the military juntas that have taken over most of Latin America, and it also has to get along with Castro. This country is filled with left-wing Chilean exiles and right-wing Cuban exiles. Letelier is buried here, which is a tilt to the left, but the people who helped conspire to kill him might well be right in the DISIP, which is full of Cubans like Morales. President Pérez [Carlos Andrés, of Venezuela] has got his own little Watergate here, because his own government is tangled up with both the terrorists and the anti-terrorists. This whole country is like a tinderbox. The government is making little gestures to both sides, trying to keep the lid on."

"Okay," Branch continues. "Let's assume that Morales is not bootlegging us out of the country on his own. That seems stupid to me. Let's assume that at least the people in the interior ministry know what's going on. And let's assume they're afraid we'll get into the country and find a story that goes something like INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST ORGANIZATION HEADQUARTERED IN VENEZUELA. OPERATIVES MOSTLY CUBAN. EXILES WITH CIA AND FBI TIES. VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT PLAYING BOTH SIDES. And we go on to say that Bosch has brought a lot of Latin governments around to his position, which is that it's better to trust each other than to trust the C.I.A. Now, what I'm saying is that a story like that would really screw up the Venezuelans, especially if it's fleshed out. It's the last thing the government here needs right now."

"So what side is Morales on?" asks Rothchild.

"I think he's on both sides," says Inclán.

"I think so, too," says Branch, "just like the government. Morales is in the underworld of both sides."

Inclán thinks for a moment. "There's only one big problem," she says. "If they're so afraid of a story like that, why do they let other reporters stay and just throw us out? Why do they pick on us?"

"I don't know," Branch sighs. "I don't know much about the correspondents here. They're getting some stuff out, but my impression is that they cover nine countries and just fly in for the coups and earthquakes. That still doesn't make us so special. But maybe we are to Morales. We know him. He knows Hilda knows a lot about Bosch and Miami connections. He knows that I got pretty deeply into the C.I.A. Cubans. Then he sees us with the prose-

continued

cutors. That may have been too much for him to take chances with us. I don't know. Maybe he thinks we're C.I.A."

Swords on the Runway

El Largo picks up the three passports off Rómulo's desk and points them toward the locked door like a baton. "Vamos," is all he says.

The metal door is unlocked by El Largo, and once again the DISIP cortege appears from nowhere. They escort the reporters down another staircase and cut toward an immigration stall in a large room that is completely isolated. It is a busy part of the day at a major airport, but the DISIP keeps finding these empty halls and empty rooms to stick the reporters in.

Something about approaching this immigration stall, which is not attended, and knowing he will pass through it and get on an airplane and not find Letelier's murderer starts to galvanize Branch. There is a tiny passage to go through and El Largo is motioning them to walk on, but Branch is having these visions of the bombed car outside his apartment and he is getting mad. The madder he gets, the slower he walks. "We can't just get on this plane," he says to Rothchild. "We have to at least do *something*." He and Rothchild, and then Inclán behind them, go into a stall—not a complete stop, but they are slowing it way down. Morales might have clamped down on this little insurrection in a second, but El Largo seems merely agitated. He is getting in front of the reporters, pleading and begging, pulling with his arms as if they are all connected by an invisible rope.

In complete exasperation, he starts sputtering threats. "If you don't move through here, I am going to use *the force*!" Two guards go running down to the end of the room, apparently to go find *the force*, which turns out to be four young soldiers in green fatigues and paratrooper boots.

With the army behind them, the reporters continue their shuffle. Two move ahead a few feet and one hangs back. Then the members of the armed forces plus the DISIP people surround the straggler, prodding him along, while one of the other two breaks away to the same spot the straggler just vacated.

Out of a picture window the reporters can see the plane being gassed up. It is VIASA, the Venezuelan airline, and not Pan Am. Inclán, finally expressing some paranoia herself, says, "Well they could blow us up on the plane, but they wouldn't sacrifice a Venezuelan plane. They don't have that many of them."

They have been dragging on this walk for almost forty minutes now, and they can see the busloads of tourists being flushed back out from their vacations. The buses are stopping at the back stairway of the plane. Then Branch gets his idea. "In here where there is nobody to see us we can't do much," he tells Rothchild. "But out there, in front of all those tourists, we can get some help. Let's go." Rothchild and Branch huddle with Inclán. They [illegible]h the plan and agree. Then all three abandon their shuffle, to the surprise of the herders, who have been pushing all along. Suddenly they see their quarry running off in front of them. El Largo doesn't catch on right away, but he knows that whatever the reporters want to do, it must be the wrong thing. So he starts running after them, yelling, "Stop!" Branch and Rothchild hit the double glass door with Inclán and El Largo and the army just behind. They all pour out onto the runway to the curious looks of hundreds who are lined up to get on the plane.

For the first time since they landed in Venezuela, Inclán is visibly upset. She rushes out to the line of passengers, screaming in Spanish and English that she is a woman reporter whose dignity has been trampled on by the secret police. The police, who are massing behind her in greater numbers than ever before, don't know quite how to deal with this. The passengers don't know whether to accept her as a lunatic traveler whom they don't want with them on the plane, or to believe what she is saying, which would be unpleasant. Most of them pretend that nothing is happening and go on up the ramp.

Branch, meanwhile, has planted himself on the stairs that lead to the front cabin of the plane. He is sitting down and his hands are clenched to the rails like a Quaker chained to the White House fence. Rothchild is sitting on the steps just below Branch, and they are being surrounded by a brigade of reinforcements, the sword company. The men in brown uniforms have circled them, and they pull the swords a few inches out of their long scabbards ready to hog-stick Rothchild and Branch into the airplane. Behind them officials and police seem to be pouring out of the doors and official jeeps are screeching up and screeching off, and Rómulo has even showed up again.

The captain of the airplane, a Venezuelan, comes down the same ramp on which Branch and Rothchild have been doing their sit-in, and he has a scowl on his face. Venezuela has enough trouble developing tourism and here is his plane being held up and his passengers' last memory of Venezuela will be these goons with swords and blackjacks prodding Americans up the ramp. He steps over Branch and goes right down to the huddle of secret police, where the current brains of the operation, Rómulo and El Largo, are standing. The captain proceeds to chew them out, tell them that they are idiots to pull a show like this and that he will not take passengers on his airplane if they are loaded by force. The security risk, for one thing. If these people are that dangerous, then why should they be flying alone on his airplane?

El Largo and Rómulo don't quite know how to handle this sudden obstacle. They get a let's-talk-this-one-over-buddy look on their faces and go into a huddle with the captain. They also defer to even higher authority, a beefy cop named Camargo, who is wearing a short-sleeve shirt. Camargo arrives in the middle of the scene, looking like the frustrated director of a runaway cast. There are now dozens of DISIP men in plain clothes, a few representatives from about four different military detachments, frantic jeep drivers, airline authorities, pilots and ground-crew personnel, all crowding around to watch or take part in the action. Camargo looks skyward, thinking under pressure, and gets his idea. "Why don't you let me go with these people?" he asks the pilot. "If I take them to Miami, I guarantee there won't be any funny stuff on your plane." Rothchild thinks this is a little ironic. The reporters come down to investigate one plane bombing and return under guard so that they can't pull one off themselves.

The pilot doesn't think too much of Camargo's idea. "Do you have a U.S. visa?" he asks Camargo. "No." "Then, do you know what they will do to you when you get to Miami? Much worse than whatever you have done to them here." Camargo doesn't like the way that sounds. He scraps the plan, and the captain returns to the plane.

The reporters aren't sure of what they have just done. They have scored a theatrical victory—just look around at all these cars and soldiers and distressed officials—but they don't like the prospect of lunch with Ricardo Morales. Nobody seems to be running to call the American Embassy or any other outside help, so the plan is a qualified failure.

The three of them head back to the passenger line, where people are still loading, and start writing phone numbers on little scraps of paper—the numbers are of editors in Miami, friends, and even mothers. They try handing them out to boarding passengers. The reporters are received in this effort like Salvation Army collectors at the racetrack. Only a few of the passengers actually take the notes, but just to make sure, the DISIP people are picking them off at the higher end of the line. Some passengers even go out of their way to hand over the notes, with an air of having done their civic duty. It develops into a kind of assembly line, notes in and notes out, the DISIP goons collecting just as fast as Inclán, Branch and Rothchild can scrawl.

It is now, with the plane about to close its doors, that Branch comes up with another plan: send one, leave two. Branch still is hoping he can break the Morales logjam and get out into friendly territory, where his contacts are waiting to help him. Inclán speaks the best Spanish and seems the most adept at handling inspectors and bureaucrats. They will stay and Rothchild is chosen to leave. Branch reminds him, in front of the sword brigade, that he is an "expectant father," but Rothchild needs no encouragement. He instantly calls for the captain and explains that he wants to get on the plane. The captain hesitates, then agrees, and Rothchild runs for the stairs. As he passes Branch and Inclán, Branch sticks one page of phone numbers in his pocket and, as a diversionary tactic, clumsily sticks another note in his hand, this one in full

continued

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view of the cops. As the sword carriers are frisking Rothchild, the second note is triumphantly confiscated. They don't know that it says "Joe Morgan" on it. The name of the great Cincinnati second baseman will go somewhere into the DISIP files.

Halfway up the ramp, Rothchild senses that the pressure has somehow been reversed, that now the DISIP wants to keep him on the ground. Several cops are following him as if they want to get ahead and stop him at the door. He scurries inside the plane and rushes back to a seat; they are still following him. He has his seat belt buckled almost before his ass hits the cushion, and the two cops reach out as if to grab him, then change their minds and abruptly leave the aircraft. But they quickly return. They tell Rothchild in a very friendly tone that his friends down on the ground want to have a word with him and that he better unbuckle and come down. Rothchild is so agitated he believes them. He gets as far as the plane entrance, the top of the stairs, when he hears Branch yelling, "Get back." He bowls over a stewardess on the way to his seat.

The cops are not through yet. They return with another ploy: Rothchild has not filled out the necessary papers and he must return to an office in the airport. "Are you sure this isn't a trick?" Rothchild asks. "No, no trick. Just a procedural matter." Rothchild tells them he isn't moving an inch until he talks to the captain.

Out his little window, Rothchild sees further agitation on the runway. They have brought up a car and they are trying to force Branch and Inclán to get into it. Camargo is flailing his arms like a giant windmill, determined to get all three reporters together—on or off the plane. The reporters are equally determined to split up. Branch and Inclán keep telling Camargo that they will not move from the runway until the plane takes off. They want to stay in plain view of all the passengers, fearing that the goons will grab Rothchild once the other two are safely out of view. Branch and Inclán keep encouraging each other and making jokes about how incredible all the commotion has become. Workmen in orange suits are crouched in the shade, smoking cigarettes, and several hundred gawkers are spread out in a semicircle like fans in the bleachers.

Camargo tries a whole string of tricks to get Branch and Inclán out of sight. Will they move into the airport, please? No. He goes off into a huddle and comes back. Will they get in the car so they can get out of the hot sun? No. Will they get in the car if he promises they can watch the plane from there? No. After one huddle, the mood changes and several goons swing little brown blackjacks. Branch and Inclán say a prayer, refuse to move and wave ostentatiously at the airplane. The goons shove and menace but then go off again. Rómulo comes back with his gun pulled, looking like a crazed assassin. Camargo soon yanks him back to the goon huddle. The plane starts taxiing on the runway and Camargo says, "You've won. Let's go." The reporters huddle and say not until it's off the ground. Camargo looks furious and barks a command to his walkie-talkie man. The plane stops immediately and sits in the middle of the airstrip. Camargo controls the tower, the reporters conclude. The game, played by inches and bluffs, goes on for nearly an hour.

Camargo Plays Hardball

Branch and Inclán are spread-eagled against the back-door openings of the goon car, facing each other, when the jet finally takes off. They have held this position for the last fifteen minutes or so of the cat-and-mouse game. The roar of the jet engines sets off tremors in Branch's gut, and he is flooded with relief. He feels tears welling up.

Rómulo is now wearing his gun tucked inside his pants at the navel. His turtleneck is soaked with sweat. He and Camargo and the head blackjack man escalate their nudging again, and extras crowd in behind them. The reporters, talking over the roof of the car, decide that the plane will not be called back. They get in the car. Rómulo sits next to Branch, and Camargo takes the front seat. They peel off down the runway with other cars following.

"How long will it take the plane to get to Miami?" Inclán asks Camargo.

"A little more than three hours," says Camargo. "It has to stop in Maracaibo."

Branch shivers and asks Inclán to translate the Spanish to make sure he heard right.

"I thought you said it was a direct flight to Miami," Inclán says in disbelief.

"It is going direct to Miami, *señora*," replies Camargo, "but it is stopping in Maracaibo."

The reporters discuss with renewed horror the fact that Maracaibo is still in Venezuela; they envision the DISIP people paying a call on Rothchild. Camargo grins at them. His lips slant in one direction, and the upper row of his front teeth slants in the other, making an X. Branch thinks Camargo must file his teeth. He inches away from Rómulo until he is almost in Inclán's lap.

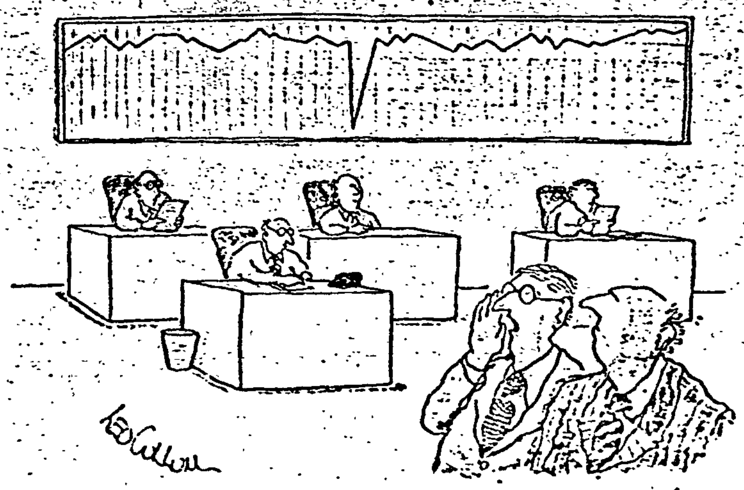
Three hours later, Camargo summons the two reporters to his office after more consultation with Central Caracas. Only one thing has changed, he says graciously. Both their visas have been officially revoked; they are ordered to leave at three-thirty. The reporters ask why, and Camargo shrugs.

Without warning, the session is interrupted when one of the younger goons strolls in and hands Camargo a brand-new Jim Palmer baseball glove and a box of six baseballs. The reporters are astonished.

"Excuse me," says Camargo, who begins to pound his fist in the new glove. He is beaming. He and Branch start talking baseball, with a bewildered Inclán translating. A bond is formed. Camargo lets Branch pound his fist into the glove.

Camargo is now expansive, as if the reporters were guests in his home. He says he knows a lot about the United States and walks over to a corner where there is a stack of framed diplomas on the floor. He flips through them and hands Branch a diploma from the U.S. Army School of Special Warfare. It is signed by General Joseph W. Stilwell, Commandant. Then he hands Branch a certificate from the International Police Academy, a training school for the world's policemen. It has closed after a dose of scandal. Branch wonders if all the DISIP goons have been trained by the Agency; he would like to meet their American contacts.

Rothchild has landed in Miami. He goes straight to *The Miami News* and causes an uproar with his story. The editors there have been worried about Inclán since she missed her check-in call six hours ago. The managing edi-



"Any suggestions on who to get rid of?"

continued

tor calls the American Embassy in Caracas and lifts it off the ground with rage. The embassy promises to investigate immediately. Rothchild begins to reconsider his views on newspaper editors.

Camargo comes into the holding room wearing the look of a man who has just accomplished something.

"Your visas have been officially confiscated," he announces.

The reporters look at him blankly. "What's new about that?" asks Inclán. "You have had them all day."

"Now they are *permanently* confiscated," says Camargo. He shows them a new Venezuelan seal stamped on each one. Over the seals, someone has scrawled, "*Visa fue revocada.*"

Before the reporters have time to figure out what this signifies, Camargo gives the order to move out. He says the plane is late. The goon squads materialize.

Inclán explains to Branch that they are in big trouble. Even if Camargo lets them go, she says, they could be stopped ten feet outside the airport and asked for their papers. They could be slapped in prison for the "*revocada*" on their passports. For the first time they are not on solid legal ground. Branch shakes his head wearily and tells Inclán they have lost a round of hardball.

They follow a triumphant Camargo to the plane.

Epilogue: More Pay Phones

On October 24, two days after the reporters left Caracas, Deputy Interior Minister Marco Tulio Brunicelli talked with the press to clear up the matter. Brunicelli said Hilda Inclán had arrived carrying documents that "did not conform with national norms," and that "she was cordially asked to leave the country because it is necessary to comply with our laws." As for Branch and Rothchild, he declared that they "expressed solidarity with their colleague and decided to leave the country."

That same day, Branch was checking with Cuban sources in Miami to find out why Morales had turned on him. He received worse than a cold shoulder, and some of his best Cuban friends told him to stay out of Miami. The most loyal veterans of the C.I.A.—people who had spent years denouncing and exposing terrorists as a detriment to the anti-Castro cause—now supported the terrorists and expected nothing but opposition from the Agency. "If you don't help the good people fight Castro," said one old C.I.A. Cuban, "then we have to help the bad ones do it. There's nothing left but terrorism." Branch was stunned by how rapidly the anti-C.I.A., pro-terrorist trend had progressed in even the two years since he had left Miami. C.I.A. loyalists were now in very short supply. The last defectors were Cubans whose secret histories stretched back to the Fifties and Sixties, when their anti-Communist movement was in the American mainstream. The C.I.A. trained the Cubans to work by stealth—to lie, smuggle weapons, move illegally in and out of countries, make bombs, [illegible] strike secretly against Castro targ[illegible]. Some of them were "official" terrorists, who would stoically accept long jail sentences rather than reveal a C.I.A. secret. Now they were no longer official.

Rothchild was back home in the Everglades. On Monday he received the first of several phone calls from a man identifying himself as a "consultant to the government of Venezuela." He wanted to give Rothchild some money to write about Rothchild's background. Very weird, thought Rothchild. He began to worry that his trip to Caracas would follow him.

Press reports from Venezuela quoted interior ministry officials in Venezuela as saying that Ricardo Morales "did not cause the expulsion of the American journalists." In an official statement on October 26 the ministry said Morales "does not even work for the DISIP."

A few days later, Branch received a letter from someone in Venezuela who was working on the terrorist network. It came by messenger and read like Sherlock Holmes: "The key to this thing—whatever it is—is Morales, and the key to him is something you already know. It seems that something he once told you or knows you know will click with something you would be likely to hear here, or would reveal something here, that he didn't want out. Think."

Branch went to see Eugene Propper, the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the Letelier investigation. Propper wanted to know about the Venezuela trip because he was thinking of going there himself. The leads pointed there, he said. He asked questions about the Cuban terrorists. Branch outlined what he knew. He took a reading of Propper and was satisfied that he wanted badly to solve the case. Branch only worried that they were both way over their heads. His worries skyrocketed when Propper asked to see a copy of *The Miami News*, which contained articles about Morales and the Venezuela trip.

Propper knitted his eyebrows and scrutinized the *News* as if it were a moon rock. Something gave Branch a sinking feeling. "The *News* and the *Herald* in Miami have an awful lot of stuff about terrorists," he said. "You have all that, don't you?"

"I don't think we get them," said Propper.

"You *have* to have them," Branch pleaded. Propper made a couple of unsuccessful phone calls around the Justice Department and said he would get these newspapers from the Library of Congress as soon as possible.

Branch knew what it must be like to call the police station in the middle of a robbery and find its phone disconnected. He recovered and offered to do anything he could to help, even to go back to Venezuela.

"I've only got one major reservation," he said, "and that is the informant problem. You have to rely on the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. to investigate, and the fact is that most of the suspects and likely witnesses are old C.I.A. and F.B.I. men of some sort."

Pr[illegible]r said it could be handled. The F.B.I. [illegible]ople on the case would arrest their own mothers if they had to. The terrorists had threatened to kill an F.B.I. agent. The Bureau had two hundred agents on the case. It was the biggest thing in the F.B.I.

"What about the Agency?" asked Branch. "Look, I don't think the C.I.A. had anything to do with these murders, but the terrorists are *using* their old C.I.A. connections in more ways than one. The Agency is in a bind. It has created a monster. The whole world of secrets in Miami has turned upside down. But I'll bet those old pros over at the Agency aren't about to sacrifice their security and secrecy to help solve a murder."

Propper said he was getting cooperation, reams of stuff in fact. Branch asked him to test it. "Ask them for their file on Luis Posada," he said. "I know they've got one on him. He came into the Agency through the M.R.P. before the Bay of Pigs. Ask the Agency what it has about Posada's involvement with a bootleg assassination attempt against Castro in 1965 involving a guy named Herminio Díaz. Díaz was caught and killed in Cuba. Now, if the Agency doesn't have *anything* on that, they're just giving you a lot of smoke." (Posada is the Cuban detective from the DISIP now held by the DISIP for the Cubana de Aviación bombing.)

Propper agreed. (On a later visit, Propper would say he was getting Agency cooperation but declined to give Branch any details.)

On November 4, the State Department responded to Branch's request for a position statement on the Venezuelan expulsion, which the U.S. Embassy in Caracas had been investigating. A State Department representative read a portion of a press briefing as follows:

Q: What did he (Branch) say and what's the State Department going to do about it?

A: He described the dealings he and two others had with the Venezuelan authorities at Maiquetía Airport when they arrived there last week. I'm not going to discuss details of what he said. That would be for him to do, if he wishes. Our Embassy has expressed our concern over this incident to the appropriate Government of Venezuela officials.

An hour later, an agitated woman from the State Department called back. "Mr. Branch," she said, "I'm afraid there's been a big mistake. That briefing that was just read to you does not constitute the department's public position. It is a guideline."

"What is a guideline?"

"It is a policy draft setting out what the people here are authorized to say in response to inquiries. What you have there is what we *would* have said had we been asked. But it is not what we have said publicly. We have no record of being asked on the record, although some reporters may have inquired privately, in which case we would have responded according to the guideline."

"So what is the State Department's position, then?"

continued

The woman went on to say, in so many words, that State was holding steady at an expression of concern.

That afternoon, Branch met with Propper and the senior F.B.I. agent on the Letelier case. The agent was convincingly determined to solve the murders. Branch sketched out what he knew again. The agent advised him strongly not to return to Venezuela, observing that the DISIP was perfectly capable of chopping off his hands and assembling a dozen Venezuelans within thirty minutes to swear it was an accident. He felt the F.B.I. had to put away the killers, who had come to Washington in order to check the terrorists' boldness. Otherwise Washington could gradually turn into Miami, and Miami could turn into Beirut.

Branch agreed and asked if the F.B.I. was planning a trip to Venezuela. The agent replied that he was not sure of the Bureau's own physical safety there, and that furthermore the F.B.I. did not have jurisdiction for such a trip. He outlined the restrictions on the F.B.I. and C.I.A. as they apply to cases that are both domestic and international, criminal and related to the national security. It added up to catch-22, but it did not destroy the agent's confidence.

Branch's confidence, however, was low. He was just offering to do what he could again when a call came through for Propper. The agent became excited and asked Branch to excuse him. On the way out the door, Branch overheard the salutation: "Is that you, Joe?" asked Propper. "Listen, are you calling from a pay phone? Okay. Give me the number of another pay phone near there and I'll call you back." ▪

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ALFONSO-RUIZ, HECTOR FRANCISCO 5-12-39 — Refer to FBI 8/3/77
ALVAREZ-LAZARO, JESUS ESTEBEN 12-26-49 — Refer to FBI
ARCE, SIXTO LORENZO 5-9-41 — Refer to FBI
ATIENZA, ORLANDO 7-21-38 — Refer to FBI
BLANCO, HUMBERTO 4-14-40 — NP11 8 mar 77
BOBILLO, ARMANDO 1-4-40
CABRERA-VEGA, HECTOR ALBERTO 7-30-44 — Refer to FBI
CABRERA-VEGA, RAUL ALBERTO 7-7-43 — Refer to FBI
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CARRILLO, LUIS EUGENIO 11-25-30 — NP11 9 mar 77
CASTILLO, GUSTAVO 4-28-46 — Refer to FBI
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ESTRADA, ARMANDO LOPEZ 3-15-39 ref-Memo DR
GONZALEZ, FELIPE LUIS 11-10-22 ref Refer to FBI DR
GONZALEZ, AVELINO LAZARO 11-10-50 npi
GONZALEZ, VALIENTE JORGE LUCILO 10-31-41 npi
HERNANDEZ, RAUL ADOLFO 8-9-32; 8-9-41 ref ~~Refer to~~
HERNANDEZ-RAMIREZ, VALENTIN 11-8-42 ref Refer to FBI DEB
IZQUIERDO-DIAZ, NESTOR 3-20-36 ref Refer to FBI DEB
JIMENEZ-ESCOBEDO, GASPAR EUGENIO 10-6-35 ref Refer to FBI DEB
JUNCOSA-PENA, RALPH 1-15-41 ref NPII DEB
LABRADA, RAFAEL GONZALEZ ref Refer to FBI DEB
LAZO-RODRIGUEZ, JESUS 5-7-46 ref Refer to FBI DEB
LOPEZ-AVALOS, ROGELIO 12-30-27 ref Refer to FBI DEB
LOZANO, BIENVENIDO 3-22-44 ref NPII DEB
MANSITO, GIL S. 9-1-43 npi
MARIN-DUARTE, GUSTAVO ref Refer to FBI DEB
MARIZAL, FRANCISCO 10-4-30 ref NPII DEB
MARQUEZ-HERNANDEZ, JUAN BAUTISTA ref Refer to FBI DEB
MENDOZA, ORLANDO ref Refer to FBI DEB
MENENDEZ, GALIS npi
MORALES, RICARDO NAVARRETTE 6-14-39 ref Refer to FBI
MORENO, RAFAEL ref NPII/3
MUNIZ, ANTONIO 3-25-48 ref Refer to FBI/3 11 MAR 1977
NOVO-SAMPOL, GUILLERMO 6-6-39 ref ck Refer to the FBI
NOVO-SAMPOL, IGNACIO ROBERTO 6-7-38 ref ck "
OROZCO-CRESPO, RAMON IGNACIO 2-1-34 ref ck "
ORRONDO, CIRO O. 10-21-40 npi
PARENTE, PEDRO ANTONIO 8-16-46 npi
PARSONS, ROBERTO 10-7-30 ck ref Refer to the FBI
PATRICIO, JOSE 7-6-47 ref ck NPII
PAZ-BELLO, EDUARDO ALEJANDRO ck 12-13-52; 10-23-51 ref Refer to the FBI
PEREZ-ALAMO, DUNNEY ck 11-37 ref Refer to the FBI
PEREZ-FRANCO, JUAN ck ref Refer to the FBI
PEREZ, JULIO ref NPII/3
PEREZ VALDEZ, RAFAEL 12- -49 ref NPII/3
PINERO, RAMON 11-27-31 [illegible]
RIVERO, FELIPE ref NPII/3
RODRIGUEZ, FRANCISCO TAMAYO 3-9-32 ref ~~[illegible]~~ Refer to FBI/3

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ACTION UNIT LA 8

ACTION #

INFO: RF, FILE, VR, IP/DMS, CI4, SIA, SIA/FL, EPS/EG 2

T 596336 EIA536 PAGE 01-01 IN 184747

TOR:111333Z FEB 77 CARA 32190

S E C R E T 111326Z FEB 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32190

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR,

WNINTEL KMSTONE

REF: CARACAS 32143 (HVC-7589) (IN 177816)

1. FYI: AMBASSADOR WAS UNIMPRESSED WITH EITHER IMPORTANCE OF REF INFO OR URGENCY IN GETTING IT INTO VENEZUELAN GOVT HANDS. HE THINKS REPORT MAY REPRESENT MORE BRAGGADOCIO ON PART OF RICARDO MORALES THAN ACTUAL PLAN OF ACTION AND HE PRIVATELY FEELS EXCITEMENT IN DEPARTMENT OVER THIS SORT OF THING IS BIT OF TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. NONETHELESS, TO DO OUR PART, HE ASKED STATION TO GIVE GIST OF REF TO WKSCARLET-9 AT NEXT LIAISON MEETING SCHEDULED FOR 11 OR 12 FEBRUARY.

2. FILE: 201-0285923, E2 IMPDET.

SECRET

RECORD COPY

201-285923

11 Feb 77

14-00000

OUTGOING MESSAGE

SIGNAL CENTER USE ONLY

OMF 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1

CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR / DATE TIME GROUP / CITE / MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

STAFF 092253Z DIRECTOR 984274

CONF: LA 8 INFO: FILE ~~ADDMS~~, PCS/INT, SIA/FL

DISSEM BY: 29

0 INDEX
0 NO INDEX
0 RETURN TO PER
0 IP FILES #

TO: PRIORITY CARACAS. Y

WNINTEL INTEL KMSTONE Y

REF: CARACAS 32143 (IN 177816) (HVC-7589) Y

1. ON 9 FEB, THE ACTING DEPUTY FOR ARA IN STATE INQUIRED RE THE POSSIBILITY AND FEASIBILITY OF PASSING GIST OF REF INTEL TO APPROPRIATE REP OF VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT ON AN URGENT BASIS. Y

2. HEADQUARTERS HAS AGREED TO FORWARD REQUEST TO STATION WITH SUGGESTION THAT THE AMBASSADOR BE CONSULTED AND THAT HE MAY WISH TO HAVE THE EMBASSY PASS THE INFORMATION DIRECTLY TO AN APPROPRIATE VENEZUELAN OFFICIAL AS COMING FROM PERSONS OUTSIDE OF VENEZUELA. Y

3. PLEASE ADVISE ACTION TAKEN. Y

4. FILE: 201-0285923. E2 IMPDET.H

201-285923
9 Feb 77

DATE: 9 FEB 77
ORIG: T.J.DESMOND:RP
UNIT: C/LA/PNC
EXT: 1033

AC/LA/OPS - J. MATHEUS (DRAFT)

C/LA/RR - L.E. BORING (DRAFT)

T.J.DESMOND (DRAFT)
C/LA/PNC

C/LA
RELEASING OFFICER

COORDINATING OFFICERS

AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

RECORD COPY

CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

E 2 IMPDET
CL BY: 007355

FORM 3005

DISSEM BY IID PER J TOTAL COPIES

PERSON/UNIT NOTIFIED

SECRET

E2, IMPDET
CL BY: 006687

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AGENCY MESSAGE

ACTION UNIT: LA 10

ACTION #

INFO: FILE, VR, [redacted], EPS/EG 2, IP/DMS, IID, PCS/INT 5, ADDO/D, CI 4, CA 4, CA/SOG 4, SIA, SIA/IC, PCS/ITC 4.

T 579185   EIA789   PAGE 01   IN 177816

TOR:042055Z FEB 77   CARA 32143

S E C R E T 042032Z FEB 77 INTEL   TDFIRDB-315/01346-77
HVC-7589

CITE CARACAS 32143

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR INFO PRIORITY LA/MIAMI.

WNINTEL INTEL KMSTONE

SUPDATA: ZRWAHOO FOR SOURCE DESCRIPTION FOR WKDIET-2. SOURCE PARA 2 WKDIET/WKDIET-5 DIRECTLY. SOURCE PARAS 4 AND 5: WKDIET/WKDIET-2 DIRECTLY. NOT FOR LIAISON. OD OBJECTIVE: J.1. NO INDEX. FILE: 201-0285923. (NOTE: SHOWN TO AMBASSADOR AND FBI AT CARACAS.) CL. BY 035133.

FILED: 042032Z   XXXXX

(IID COMMENT: LIFTER CABLE SENT.)

S E C R E T

RECORD COPY

201-285923
4 Feb 77

Intelligence Information Cable

• PRIORITY

IN 177816

WARNING NOTICE
SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

PAGE 1 OF 3 PAGES

(SY/I/PIB,E/TT/OA) SS/ID FBI SECUR I&NS DOA FAA(ACS-20)

Classified by Reporting Officer. Exempt from General Declassification Schedule of E.O. 11652 Exemption Category 5B (2)(3) Impossible to Determine Date of Automatic Declassification.

DIRECTORATE OF OPERATIONS

FURTHER DISSEMINATION AND USE OF THIS INFORMATION SUBJECT TO CONTROLS STATED AT BEGINNING AND END OF REPORT

THIS IS AN INFORMATION REPORT, NOT FINALLY EVALUATED INTELLIGENCE

SECRET

CITE TDFIRDB-315/01346-77

DIST 4 FEBRUARY 1977

REPORT CLASS S E C R E T WARNING NOTICE-SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED--NOT RELEASABLE TO FOREIGN NATIONALS-NOT RELEASABLE TO CONTRACTORS OR CONTRACTOR/CONSULTANTS--DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATORS.

COUNTRY: VENEZUELA

DOI: LATE JANUARY -3 FEBRUARY 1977

SUBJECT: POSSIBLE ATTEMPT BY RICARDO MORALES TO GAIN THE RELEASE OF CUBAN EXILE LEADER ORLANDO BOSCH BY FORCE

ACQ: VENEZUELA, CARACAS (4 FEBRUARY 1977) FIELD NO. HVC-7589

SOURCE: SEE BELOW.

1. SOURCE OF PARAGRAPH 2: A CUBAN EXILE WHO MAINTAINS CLOSE CONTACT WITH OTHER EXILES. HIS RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.

2. IN LATE JANUARY 1977 RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRETE, A CUBAN-EXILE WHO IS AN OFFICIAL OF THE VENEZUELAN DIRECTORATE FOR THE SERVICES OF INTELLIGENCE AND PREVENTION (DISIP), SAID THAT HE IS PLANNING TO GET CUBAN EXILE LEADER ORLANDO B O S C H OUT OF JAIL BY FORCE. THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT, MORALES SAID, INTENDS TO TRY AND CONVICT BOSCH OF CHARGES IN CONNECTION WITH THE 6 OCTOBER 1976 BOMBING OF A CUBANA AIRLINER AND INTENDS TO USE BOSCH AS A SCAPEGOAT. MORALES SAID THAT HE IS CURRENTLY ENLISTING THE SUPPORT OF UN-

FORM 9-73 3007 OBSOLETE PREVIOUS EDITIONS

IN 177816

TDFIR DB-315/01346-77

WARNING NOTICE
SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

SECRET
(classification)

FURTHER DISSEMINATION AND USE OF THIS INFORMATION SUBJECT TO CONTROLS STATED AT BEGINNING AND END OF REPORT.

SPECIFIED CUBAN EXILES TO CARRY OUT HIS PLANS TO GAIN BOSCH'S RELEASE. (SOURCE COMMENT: MORALES DID NOT EXPLAIN WHAT TYPE OF FORCE WOULD BE USED TO GAIN BOSCH'S RELEASE. MORALES IS AN UNSTABLE INDIVIDUAL AND IS CAPABLE OF USING FORCE TO GAIN HIS ENDS.)

3. SOURCE OF PARAGRAPHS 4 AND 5: A VENEZUELAN WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF CONTACTS AMONG VENEZUELAN SECURITY OFFICIALS. HIS RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.

4. ON 3 FEBRUARY 1977 MORALES SAID THAT HE INTENDED TO LEAVE VENEZUELA FOR MIAMI, FLORIDA, LATER THAT DAY. MORALES SAID THAT HE EXPECTED TO BE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR APPROXIMATELY ONE WEEK. (SOURCE COMMENT: THE REASON FOR HIS TRIP IS NOT KNOWN.)

5. MORALES CONTINUES TO RECEIVE HIS DISIP SALARY DESPITE AN EARLIER SCANDAL CONCERNING HIS DISIP STATUS. (FIELD COMMENT: FOR AN EARLIER REPORT ON MORALES SEE HVC-7548, TDFIRDB-315/11772-76, OF MID-NOVEMBER 1976, FROM ANOTHER SOURCE OF UNDETERMINED RELIABILITY.) MORALES HAS RECENTLY RENTED AN EXPENSIVE APARTMENT IN A FASHIONABLE AREA OF CARACAS. THE RENT ON WHICH IS ALMOST EQUAL TO HIS DISIP SALARY.

6. FIELD DISSEM: EMBASSY, FBI AT CARACAS.

REPORT CLASS S E C R E T--WARNING NOTICE-SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE

S E C R E T

14-00000

FORM 3007 OBSOLETE PREVIOUS EDITIONS

IN 177816

TDFIR DB-315/01346-77

WARNING NOTICE
SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

SECRET
(classification)

FURTHER DISSEMINATION AND USE OF THIS INFORMATION SUBJECT TO CONTROLS STATED AT BEGINNING AND END OF REPORT.

SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED--NOT RELEASABLE TO FOREIGN NATIONALS-NOT RELEASABLE TO CONTRACTORS OR CONTRACTOR/CONSULTANTS--DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATORS.

CLASSIFIED BY RECORDED REPORTING OFFICER. XGDS-2.

ADVANCE COPY TRANSMITTED TO: STATE, DIA, ARMY, NAVY, AIR, JCS, NSA, SWS, TREASURY, CIA/OPSCEN, SS/ID, FBI, I&NS-DDA,FAA.

201-285923

DISPATCH

SECRET

TO: Chief of Station, Caracas

INFO.

FROM: Chief, Latin America Division

SUBJECT: Ricardo Morales Navarette (201-285923)

ACTION REQUIRED - REFERENCES

WARNING NOTICE-SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

1. The information provided below is taken from a Santo Domingo Station liaison report transmitted to Headquarters under HDCA-11074, dated 29 November 1976. The information dated 29 August 1976 was received by the liaison service from one of its agents assigned to Miami, Florida. It is being sent to you for information only. All information below was reportedly stated in testimony at the trial of the Cuban terrorist Rolando Otero in Jacksonville, Florida, and Antonio Gonzalez had obtained immunity from prosecution. The declarations he made were corroborated by Cubans Ciro Orizondo and Manuel Revuelta, former comrades of Otero in the Frente de Liberacion Nacional Cubano (FLNC).

2. According to Antonio Gonzalez, there have to be in Miami up to 500 pro-Castro agents operating; that in a supposed plot to kill Fidel Castro in Venezuela, there had been with him and Rolando Otero, a Cuban named Ricardo Morales and infiltrating into the affair, he tried to frustrate the plan. Gonzalez also said that Morales, supposedly worked for the "CIAin the Congo" and actually is an agent of the Government of Venezuela, used to investigate those Cubans who enter and exit from Venezuela. Gonzalez also said that in reality, Morales is a Castro agent.

Lemuel E. GALLAHORN

Distribution:
Orig & 2 COS, Caracas

25 JAN 1977

RECORD COPY

E2 IMPDET
CL BY 007255

CROSS REFERENCE TO	DISPATCH SYMBOL AND NUMBER	DATE
	HVCW-10659	24 January 1977
	CLASSIFICATION	HQS FILE NUMBER
	SECRET	201-285923

Int. Dist:
1 - Chrono
1 - IP

ORIGINATING

OFFICE	OFFICER	TYPIST	EXT.
C/LA/PSC/V--Robert N. Andrews:pm			1715

COORDINATING

OFFICE SYMBOL	DATE	OFFICER'S NAME

RELEASING

OFFICE SYMBOL	DATE	OFFICER'S SIGNATURE
C/LA/PSC	2-- 77	Charlotte Bustos-Videla

FORM 53 USE PREVIOUS EDITION

DISPATCH

14-00000

State cable dated 15 Feb 77
State cable dated 1 May 77
State cable dated 22 Nov. 77
State cable dated 22 Nov 77

FBI Report dated 26 April 77.
Re: Ricardo Anibal Morales Navarrete
Registration Act

FBI Report dated 21 July 77
Re: Unknown Subjects: Explosion in
Car driven by Orlando Letelier-
Victim (Deceased), etc. 21 Sept. 76

THIRD AGENCY MATERIAL

S E C R E T

DO DOCUMENT EXTRACT

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE SUBJECT OF THIS 201 DOSSIER HAS BEEN EXTRACTED FROM ANOTHER OFFICIAL DO FILE. PERSONS PERFORMING NAME TRACES ARE CAUTIONED THAT THE DOCUMENT FROM WHICH THIS EXTRACT WAS PREPARED CONTAINS ADDITIONAL INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE SUBJECT AND SHOULD BE REQUESTED FROM IP/FILES.

MORALES NAVARRETTE, RICARDO
201-0285923 075-008-019
SEX M CARA-33792
27 JUL 77
HVC-07716
P4

LOC VENE. FORMER OFFICIAL OF DIRECTORATE FOR SERVICES OF INTELLIGENCE AND PREVENTION /DISIP/. WARNED MBRS OF COORDINATED UNITED REVOLUTIONARY ORGANIZATION /CORU/, GUSTAVO CASTILLO AND FRANK CASTRO /201-0742365/ OF DISIP REPRESSION AGAINST CUBANS IN VENE.

DATE 09 SEP 77 09538675

201-285923

S E C R E T E2 IMPDET CL BY 054979

SECRET

DO DOCUMENT EXTRACT

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE SUBJECT OF THIS 201 DOSSIER HAS BEEN EXTRACTED FROM ANOTHER OFFICIAL DO FILE. PERSONS PERFORMING NAME TRACES ARE CAUTIONED THAT THE DOCUMENT FROM WHICH THIS EXTRACT WAS PREPARED CONTAINS ADDITIONAL INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE SUBJECT AND SHOULD BE REQUESTED FROM IP/FILES.

MORALES, RICARDO NAVARRETTE
201-0285923 200-011-009/43
SEX M DDNC-00066/77
20 SEP 77
P11

ENTERED USA LATE 60. RECRUITED AS RADIO OPERATOR AND MBR OF PARAMILITARY INFILTRATION TEAM FOR MISSIONS INTO CUBA BUT NEVER USED.

DATE 10 FEB 78 09579154

201-285923

SECRET E2 IMPDET CL BY 054979

55/42/ SECRET FRP: , , , , , ,

STAFF

ACTION: LA-8 (081) INFO: FILE, VR, CI-4, EPS/EG-2, IP/DMS-2, ODPD-D, SE-8, SIA, SIA/FL, (28/W)

78 0207450 PAGE 001 IN 0207450
TOR: 112030Z JAN 78 CARA 35189

S E C R E T 112005Z JAN 78 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 35189

TO: DIRECTOR.

WNINTEL RNMUM CKLEG WKSCARLET

REFS: A. DIRECTOR 144358
B. CARACAS 35019 TOO OLD
C. CARACAS 33784 TOO OLD

1. STATION LIAISON OFFICER MET WITH SUBJECT OF 201-0952786 AS PART OF ASSESSMENT OF SUBJECT'S KNOWLEDGE OF SOVIET PERSONNEL AND ACTIVITIES IN VENEZUELA, AND TO DETERMINE HER POTENTIAL AS POSSIBLE UNILATERAL SUPPORT ASSET AGAINST SOVIET AND BLOC TARGETS.

2. DURING DISUCSSIONS, SUBJECT MENTIONED THAT ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS IN PAST SHE HAD NOTED ON SURVEILLANCE REPORTS OF CUBAN EMBASSY THAT A VEHICLE BEARING LICENSE PLATE REGISTERED TO MINISTRY OF INTERIOR ENTERED WITH SOME FREQUENCY. HOWVER, ATTEMPTS TO IDENTIFY THE PERSON TO WHOM VEHICLE ALLOCATED ALWAYS WERE RETURND TO HER WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO FORGET THE ENTRY AND TO STOP MAKING REFERENCES TO IT IN HER REPORTS. SHE FINALLY WAS ADVISED THAT THE CAR WAS USED BY (AT THAT TIME) COMISARIO RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARETTE (201-0285923), AND THAT SHE SHOULD REFRAIN FROM MAKING FURTHER INQUIRIES OR FORM INCLUDING THAT LICENSE PLATE IN HER REPORTS. SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, SUBJECT WAS REMOVED FROM RESPONSIBILITY OF MONITORING AND ANALYZING CUBAN ACTIVITIES IN VENEZUELA AND RESTRICTED TO THE SOVIETS AND SOVIET BLOC.

3. FILE: 201-0952786; 201-0285923. E2, IMPDET.

CROSS FILE COPY FOR
201-285923
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END OF MESSAGE SECRET

14-00000

OUTGOING MESSAGE

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CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

13-2

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR | DATE-TIME GROUP | CITE | MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

0216352 CIA 133734

CONF: C/LA8 INFO: FILE C/IP/DMS, C/LSN/10, C/CI, C/PCS

0 INDEX DISSEM BY: 44
0 NO INDEX
0 RETURN TO PER SCP
0 IP FILES # 132

TO: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.Y

ATTENTION: INTELLIGENCE DIVISION Y

SECRET WARNING NOTICE - SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED//NO FOREIGN DISSEM Y

CIR-316/04224-77 Y

SUBJECT: RICARDO ANIBAL MORALES NAVARRETE, FOREIGN COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE - VENEZUELA Y

REF: FBI CABLE DATED 221803Z NOV 77, SAME SUBJECT Y

1. YOU ARE ADVISED, IN RESPONSE TO THE REFERENCED QUERY, THAT THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY HAS NO OPERATIONAL INTEREST IN THE ABOVE SUBJECT. ~~OUR STATION IN CARACAS NOTES THAT THE SUBJECT MIGHT FALSELY CLAIM SOME SORT OF RELATIONSHIP WITH THE AGENCY IF ARRESTED, BUT IN FACT NO SUCH RELATIONSHIP EXISTS.~~ Y

2. CLASSIFIED BY RECORDED REPORTING OFFICER. EXEMPT FROM GENERAL DECLASSIFICATION SCHEDULE E.O. 11652 EXEMPTION CATEGORY 5B (2). IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE DATE OF AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION.

CABLE SEC: PLEASE PROVIDE A COPY TO IP FOR FILING IN 201-285923 AND 19-2-18.

DATE:
ORIG:
UNIT:
EXT:

CROSS FILE COPY FOR 201-285923

RELEASING OFFICER | COORDINATING OFFICERS | AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION SECRET

E 2 IMPDET
CL BY:

14-00000

OUTGOING MESSAGE

SIGNAL CENTER USE ONLY

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CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR | DATE TIME GROUP | CITE | MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

CIA 133734.

CONF: INFO: FILE

0 INDEX DISSEM BY:
0 NO INDEX
0 RETURN TO PER

ORIG: LA/CO/CI (FAUST X1325); COORD: DC/LA/CO (WARREN), C/LA/VCE/V (AMORI), DC/LA/SR (DISTEFANO); AUTH: C/LAD (WARREN).

REF: C/PCS/LSN/ID (KUHN).

LH E73

DATE: 30 NOVEMBER 1977
ORIG: OWEN FAUST
UNIT: LA/CO/CI
EXT: 1325

C/PCS/LSN/ID
RELEASING OFFICER

DC/LA/CO
C/LA/VCE/V
DC/LA/SR
COORDINATING OFFICERS

C/LAD
AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

E 2 IMPDET
CL BY:

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SECRET

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ACTION UNIT LAF

ACTION # ___ INFO RF FILE VR

E2

T 375224 EIA259 PAGE 01-01 IN 477336

TOR:281405Z NOV 77 CARA 34827

S E C R E T 251357Z NOV 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS ~~34827~~

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR.

WNINTEL RNMUM

REF: DIRECTOR 130272

1. THE FBI IS FREE TO ARREST MORALES: WE HAVE NO ORS INTEREST. BELIEVE IT POSSIBLE HE MAY CLAIM RELATIONSHIP WITH RTACTION WHICH, OF COURSE, IS SIMPLY NOT TRUE.

2. FILE: 201-~~0950534~~. E2 IMPDET

201-285923

28 NOV 77

S E C R E T

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OUTGOING MESSAGE

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CLASSIFICATION
S E C R E T 18-1

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR: STAFF
DATE-TIME GROUP: 251731Z
CITE: DIRECTOR
MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER: 130272

CONF: LA 8 INFO: FILE 11/OPS, LSN/10, C/PCS, C14, CPS/EG2

0 INDEX DISSEM BY: 44
0 NO INDEX
0 RETURN TO PER
0 IP FILES #

TO: PRIORITY CARACAS.

UNINTEL RNMUM

REF: DIRECTOR |*| 130271

1. SUBJECT REF IS LIKELY TO BE ARRESTED BY THE FBI FOR FAILURE TO REGISTER UNDER THE FOREIGN AGENT REGISTRATION ACT. WITH YOUR CONCURRENCE, WE PLAN TO TELL THE BUREAU THAT WE HAVE NO OPS INTEREST IN MORALES. PLS ADVISE.

2. FILE: 201-0950534. E2 IMPDET.

ORIG: AC/LA/VCE (AMORI X1033); AUTH: PCS/LSN (KUHN); REL: AC/LA/VCE (AMORI).

*SIG CENTER: PLS INSERT DIR NUMBER

LA/PNC/V

DATE: 23 NOVEMBER 1977
ORIG: ALBERT/AMORI:CK
UNIT: AC/LA/VCE
EXT: 1033

201-285923
25 Nov 77

AC/LA/VCE
RELEASING OFFICER

COORDINATING OFFICERS

PCS/LSN
AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION
S E C R E T

RECORD COPY

E 2 IMPDET
CL BY 007667

14-00000

OUTGOING MESSAGE

SIGNAL CENTER USE

OMF 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 1

CLASSIFICATION

SECRET 10-1

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR — STAFF

DATE-TIME GROUP: 251731Z

CITE: DIRECTOR

MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER: 130271

CONF: C/LA 8 INFO: FILE C/LSN/10

DISSEM BY: 44

0 NO INDEX
0 RETURN TO PER SCP
0 IP FILES # 132

TO: CARACAS.Y

UNINTEL RNMUM Y

1. FOLLOWING IS TEXT OF FBI CABLE DATED 22 NOVEMBER 1977. THIS INFO IS FOR ADDRESSEE BACKGROUND ONLY, NOT TO BE DISCUSSED OR OTHERWISE DISCLOSED OUTSIDE RTACTION WITHOUT PRIOR HQS AUTHORIZATION:Y

|SIG CENTER: PLS TRANSMIT ATTACHED FBI CABLE - IN 473160 - BEGINNING WITH "RICARDO ANIBAL MORALES NAVARRETE; FOREIGN. . ."|

2. NO FILE. E2 IMPDET.H

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBORIG: LA/VCE/V (MORGAN X1715); AUTH: PCS/LSN (KUHN); REL: AC/LA/VCE (AMORI).#

*COPY ATTACHED

Morales

DATE: 23 NOVEMBER 1977
ORIG: RUSSELL MORGAN:CK
UNIT: LA/VCE/V
EXT: 1715

AC/LA/VCE
RELEASING OFFICER

COORDINATING OFFICERS

PCS/LSN
AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

E 2 IMPDET
CL BY: 007667

14-00000

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STAFF PRECEDENCE

ACTION UNIT: C/LE 5

RF FILE VR

T 247823 EIA236 PAGE 01 IN 358141

TOR:261852Z JUL 77 CARA 33796

S E C R E T 261832Z JUL 77 STAFF

WKBOXER/OPS 75-8-15

CITE CARACAS 33796

Morales Navarette 75-5-9 F-7

TO: IMMEDIATE DIRECTOR.

WNINTEL RYBAT MHSPIKE WKBOXER

REFS: A. CARACAS 33793 (IN 357055)

B. CARACAS 33793(HVC-7716) (IN 357051)

1. FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS SINCE REFS:

A. WKDIET-5 REPORTS THAT ON 24 JULY WKTANGO-1 STATED THAT, WITH PRESIDENT PEREZ/ BACKING, HE IS DECLARING WAR ON CUBAN EXILES AND IF ANYTHING UNTOWARD HAPPENS, HE WILL TAKE "BLOOD BATH FROM NEW YORK TO CARACAS." HE ALSO MENTIONED AS ADDITIONAL IMPLIED THREAT THAT CUBAN SUPERTHUG, RICARDO M O R A L E X NAVARETTE, HAS BEEN FULLLY REINSTATED IN DISIP.

B. INFLUENTIAL LOCAL CUBAN EXILES ARE IN SOMEWHAT OF AN UPROAR OVER WHAT THEY REGARD AS POTENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF REPRESSION IN VENEZUELA AND ARE TRYING TO ENLIST SUPPORT OF BOTH COPEI OPPOSITION PARTY AND EX-PRESIDENT BETANCOURT, STAUNCH ANTI-CASTRO-COMMUNIST, TO OFFSET MOVES OF PRESIDENT PEREZ WHOM THEY CONSIDER TO BE IN BED WITH CASTRO. COPEI HAS ALLEGEDLY COME OUT FULLY IN SUPPORT OF LOCAL CUBAN

S E C R E T

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STAFF

ISSUED SLOTTED ____ BY ____ AT ____ Z

ACTION UNIT | INFO | RF FILE VR

ACTION #

EXILE COMMUNITY: BETANCOURT HHAS NOTIFIED THEM THAT HE IS STUDYING THE SITUATION BEFORE REPLYING.

C. AMBASSADOR MET PRESIDENT PEREZ FOR BREAKFAST MORNING 28 JULY. NOTHING WAS MENTIONED ABOUT CUBAN EXILE SITUATION.

2. WHAT WE COULD HAVE AS BASIS OF THIS WHOLE SITUATION IS CUBAN FORGERIES OF LETTERS FROM BOSCH TO BRING PRESSURE ON CUBAN EXILE COMMUNITY IN VENEZUELA WHICH REMAINS ALMOST TOTALLY ANTI-CASTRO. IT IS INTERSTING TO NOTE LETTERS PASSED BY CUBAN AMBASSADOR TO PRESIDENT PEREZ WERE TYPED, NOT HANDWRITTEN, AND ONLY SIGNED BY BOSCH. IN ANY EVENT, AMBASSADOR STRONGLY DISTRUSTS WKTANGO-1 IN ANYTHING INVOLVING CUBAN EXILES AND SUSPECTS THAT RICARDO MORALES IS EMOTIONALLY, IF NOT MENTALLY, UNSTABLE AND A CUBAN AGENT(SO DO WE). COS DISCUSSED GENERAL SITUATION WITH AMBASSADOR THIS MORNING. AS OF NOW, AMBASSADOR DOES NOT WANT TO GIVE ANY INFORMMATION TO VENEZUELANS ON CUBAN EXILES EXCEPT ON ESTABLISHED TERRORISTS AND ADVANCE NOTICE OF IMPENDING TERRORIST ACTIONS, LEAST OF ALL DOES HE WANT US TO DEAL WITH WKTANGO-1 ON THIS SUBJECT.

3. SINCE THERE APPEARS TO BE SEVERAL GAMES WITHIN GAMES BEING PLAYED HERE, AND SOURCE OF REF B IS WKTANGO-1 (ONE OF THE MAJOR

CABLE SEC DISSEM BY ______ PER ______ TOTAL COPIES ______ BY ______

PERSON/UNIT NOTIFIED ______

SECRET

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STAFF

ACTION UNIT	INFO	RF FILE VR	1	4
			2	5
ACTION #			3	6

T 047813 EIA236 PAGE 03-03 IN 358141

TOR:281852Z JUL 77 CARA 33796

PARTICIPANTS.) RECOMMEND REF B NOT BE DISSEMINATED UNTIL PICTURE IS CLARIFIED.

4. FILE: 75-120-26. E2, IMPDET.

SECRET

14-00000

SECRET

STAFF

T 038993 EIA651 PAGE 01 IN 354509

TOR:252324Z JUL 77 CARA 33784

S E C R E T 252151Z JUL 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 33784

TO: DIRECTOR INFO FH/NEW YORK.

WNINTEL RYBAT HEAM

REFS: A. DIRECTOR 069199

B. CARACAS 33655 (IN 341549)

1. ANY ADDITIONAL INFO WE MAY OBTAIN ON NATURE OF MORALES CONTACT WITH SLFAT-1 WILL BE CABLED TO ADDRESSEES. AT THIS POINT ALL WE HAVE IS INFO PROVIDED IN REF B.

2. WHILE IT POSSIBLE, WE DON'T THINK THAT MORALES' CONTACT WITH SLFAT-1 IS RESULT OF A WKTANGO-1 DIRECTED RECRUITMENT OP. WE ARE MORE INCLINED TO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS SOME SORT OF STRANGE LIAIOSON OR DOUBLE-AGENT OPERATION, PROBABLY SUGGESTED BY MORALES HIMSELF, OSTENSIBLY TO MAKE HIMSELF USEFUL TO WKSCARLET. IT HAS BEEN MENTIONED BEFORE, AND WE HAVE LONG SUSPECTED, WITHOUT ANY HARD EVIDENCE, THAT MORALES MAY BE A CASTRO CUBAN AGENT. IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT HE HAS CONNED THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT, OR WKTANGO-1, INTO BELIEVING THAT HE HAS SOME SPECIAL ENTRE WITH SLFAT-1. ALL-IN-ALL, BASED ON OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHARACTERS

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ACTION UNIT

INFO RF FILE VR

ACTION #

T 038993 EIA651 PAGE 02-02 IN 354509

TOR:252324Z JUL 77 CARA 33784

INVOLVED AND THE PRESSURES OF THE MOMENT, WE THINK THAT MORALES IS MORE PRONE TO REACH AN ACCOMMODATION WITH SLFAT-1 THAN WKTANGO-1 IS OF GIVING A SECOND TRY TO THE RECRUITMENT OF SLFAT-1.

3. FILE: 201-0067860; 201-0328945; 201-0285923.

E2, IMPDET.

SECRET

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ACTION UNIT: 4LA S

RF FILE VR: C/ADMS, DDO 4, 9C14,

4EPS/EG 2

T 816745 E14628 PAGE 21 IN 266922

TOR:292234Z APR 77 CARA 32949

S E C R E T 292225Z APR 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32949

TO: DIRECTOR, LA/MIAMI

RYBAT WNINTEL REAM

1. ON 28 APRIL 1977 WKDIET-5 REPORTED THAT RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRETE (SUBJECT OF 201-2285923), AKA "EL MONO", IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED IN MIAMI A CUBAN EXILE BY THE NAME OF ROBERTO P A R S O N S. WKDIET-5 SAYS THAT PARSONS WORKED FOR BKHERALD AND UNDERTOOK SEVERAL CLANDESTINE TRIPS TO CUBA. HE SAID AT TIMES PARSONS HELPED GET PEOPLE OUT OF CUBA FOR A PRICE. PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976. THE EXACT REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN.

2. FOLLOWING ARE TRACES ON ROBERTO PARSONS: ACCORDING TO UMWAVE-1322, 16 FEBRUARY 1968, AN AMCLEVE-15 MIAMI CONTACT WAS PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH ROBERTO P A R S O N S RAMIREZ, BORN 10 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO. PARSONS WAS A BKHERALD AGENT FROM 1965 THROUGH 1967 WHEN HE WAS TERMINATED ON 30 NOVEMBER WITHOUT PREJUDICE. HE WAS USED IN EXFILTRATION AND INFILTRATION OPERATIONS AND OCCASIONALLY REPORTED GRATUITOUSLY

SECRET

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ACTION UNIT | INFO | FILE VR

ACTION #

T 910745 EIA603 PAGE 22-22 IN 266922

TOR:292034Z APR 77 CARA 32949

ON THE DSE AND DGI.

3. INDEX PARSONS. FILE: 75-120-28, 201-0285923.

E2, IMPDET.

SECRET

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OUTGOING MESSAGE

16:2

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CLASSIFICATION

S E C R E T

STAFF 042333Z DIRECTOR 029666

CONF: LA8 INFO: FILE 1ADDMS, CI4, LSN/10, C/PCS, 0 INDEX DISSEM BY: 41

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TO: CARACAS INFO LA/MIAMI.

UNINTEL KMSTONE

REFS: A. CARACAS 32949 [IN 266922]

B. CARACAS 32958 [IN 268419] (NOT NEEDED LA/MIAMI)

1. PARA 2 BELOW IS THE TEXT OF A MESSAGE WHICH WAS SENT TO THE FBI ON 4 MAY, BASED ON REFS. PLEASE PASS THE INFORMATION TO THE LEGATT CARACAS:

2. A. ACCORDING TO A VENEZUELAN SOURCE WHOSE RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED, RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRETE, CUBAN-BORN NATURALIZED VENEZUELAN CITIZEN, IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED ROBERTO P A R S O N S, ANOTHER CUBAN EXILE, IN MIAMI, FLORIDA. SOURCE SAID THAT PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976 AND THAT THE REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN.

B. PARSONS IS PROBABLY IDENTIFIABLE WITH ROBERTO P A R S O N S RAMIREZ, BORN 10 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO, CUBA. HE WAS OF OPERATIONAL INTEREST TO THIS AGENCY FROM JULY 1965 UNTIL NOVEMBER 1967.

C. A DIFFERENT SOURCE WHO IS USUALLY RELIABLE REPORTED ON:

DATE:
ORIG:
UNIT:
EXT:

B 201-779687

201-285923

4 May 77

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COORDINATING OFFICERS

AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

RECORD COPY

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E 2 IMPDET
CL BY: 007255

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OUTGOING MESSAGE

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CLASSIFICATION: S E C R E T

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR: STAFF — CITE: DIRECTOR

CONF: INFO: FILE

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029666

29 APRIL 1977 THAT MORALES HAS GONE INTO HIDING IN THE UNITED STATES TO AVOID A COURT APPEARANCE IN CONNECTION WITH THE INVESTIGATION OF THE DEATH OF FORMER CHILEAN OFFICIAL ORLANDO L E T E L I E R. Y

D. THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS BEING MADE AVAILABLE TO THE LEGAL ATTACHE IN CARACAS. NO FURTHER DISSEMINATION IS BEING MADE. Y

3. AMONG THE CLOSE ASSOCIATES PARSONS LISTED IN HIS PRQ PART I COMPLETED IN JULY 1965 IS ANTONIO BUSTILLO PEREZ {201-0756656}, A MEMBER OF THE WKTANGO-1 GROUP. {WASHINGTON 026922} Y

4. FILE: 201-0285923; X REF: 201-0779687{PARSONS}. E2 IMPDET.H

COMMENT: REPORTED ABOVE INFORMATION AND STATION TRACES WHICH INDICATED THAT PARSONS WAS OF PREVIOUS OPERATIONAL INTEREST TO JMWAVE.

ORIG: C/LA/PNC/V{ANDREWS}; COORD: [redacted]C/LA/OPS{[illegible]} KINNARD, LA/COG{LATRASH}, LA/CAR{AMES}; AUTH: AC/LA/PNC{[illegible]} BUSTOS; REL: AC/LA {LAUDER}.

DATE: 4 MAY 77
ORIG: ROBERT ANDREWS:PM
UNIT: C/LA/PNC/V
EXT: X1715

AC/LA — RELEASING OFFICER

C/LA/OPS
LA/COG
LA/CAR
COORDINATING OFFICERS

C/LA/PNC — AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION: S E C R E T

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CL BY: 007255

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OUTGOING MESSAGE

18-2

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CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR | DATE TIME GROUP 052304Z | CITE CIA | MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER 030328

CONF: 9LA 8 INFO: FILE 9IP/DMS, 9LSN/ID, 9PCS, 9CI 2, 9PCS/ITC 4

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0 IP FILES # 132

TO: FBI//INTELLIGENCE DIVISION INFO DEPT OF STATE//SY/TAG, IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE//INTELLIGENCE DIVISION.Y

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CIR-316/01585-77 Y

SUBJECT: RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRETE Y

1. ON 25 APRIL 1977 [redacted] A VENEZUELAN SOURCE WHOSE RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED REPORTED THAT RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRETE, CUBAN-BORN NATURALIZED VENEZUELAN CITIZEN, IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED ROBERTO P A R S O N S, ANOTHER CUBAN EXILE, IN MIAMI, FLORIDA. SOURCE SAID THAT PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976 AND THAT THE REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN. Y

2. PARSONS IS PROBABLY IDENTIFIABLE WITH ROBERTO P A R S O N S RAMIREZ, BORN 10 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO, CUBA. HE WAS OF OPERATIONAL INTEREST TO THIS AGENCY FROM JULY 1965 UNTIL NOVEMBER 1967. Y

3. A DIFFERENT VENEZUELAN SOURCE WHO IS USUALLY RELIABLE REPORTED ON 29

DATE:
ORIG:
UNIT:
EXT:

316/01585-77
201-285923
5 May 77

B 201-779687

RELEASING OFFICER | COORDINATING OFFICERS | AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

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PAGE 2 OF 2

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CONF: INFO: FILE

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APRIL 1977 THAT MORALES HAS GONE INTO HIDING IN THE UNITED STATES TO AVOID A COURT APPEARANCE IN CONNECTION WITH THE INVESTIGATION OF THE DEATH OF FORMER CHILEAN OFFICIAL ORLANDO L E T E L I E R. Y

4. THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS BEING MADE AVAILABLE TO THE LEGAL ATTACHE IN CARACAS. NO FURTHER DISSEMINATION IS BEING MADE. Y

5. EXEMPT FROM GENERAL DECLASSIFICATION SCHEDULE OF E.O. 11652 EXEMPTION CATEGORY 5 B (2). IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE DATE OF AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION. XGDS-2.H

BASED ON: PARAGRAPHS ONE AND TWO: CARACAS 32949 (IN-266922) WKDIET (WKDIET-5)

PARAGRAPH THREE: CARACAS 32958 (IN-268419) WKMAYOR (WKSCARLET-9)

OBJECTIVE: J-1

ORIG: LA/PNC (KENNER X9454); COORD: DC/LA/PNC ~~(DESMOND)~~ BUSTOS; C/LA/COG ~~(LATRASH)~~; C/LA/AN (BEARDSLEY); C/LA/OPS (DI STEFANO); PCS/ITC (WARNER - TELECOORD); AUTH: AC/LAD (LAUDER); REL: C/PCS/LSN (

DC/LA/PNC Bustos
C/LA/COG
C/LA/AN
C/LA/OPS
PCS/ITC - (E. WARNER - TELECOORD)
LA/RR C. Bauer

LA/Reg
ET-3 Regina
ATTN: Isabelle

MAY 00 77

DATE: 3 MAY 1977
ORIG: H. KENNER: LW
UNIT: LA/PNC
EXT: 9454

C/PCS/LSN
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AC/LAD
AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

E-2 IMPDET
CL BY: 007255

CLASSIFICATION

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